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THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 10, 1936
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVII No. 1916 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCT. 10 1936

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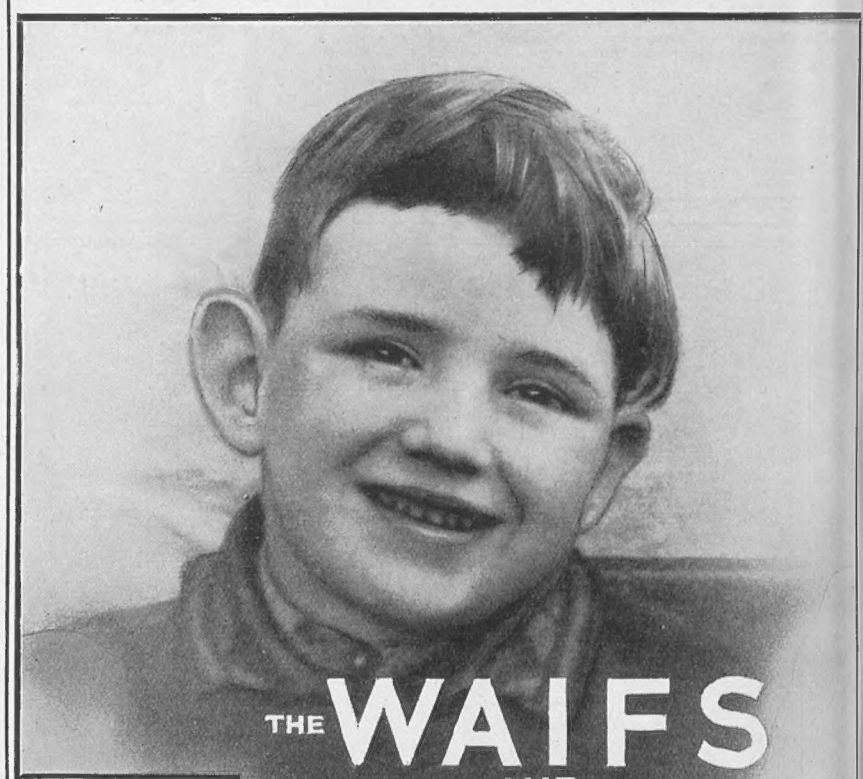

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A Recent Addition

LESLIE, aged 8.

It is only just over a year since Leslie lost his mother, and now his father (who is 68) has been removed to a mental hospital and there is very little chance of his recovery. Leslie has no relations or friends who can give him a home.

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 10, 1936

SPAIN'S MAN OF DESTINY

General Franco, Who Has Just Been Invested Head of the State

With Badajoz, Irun, San Sebastian, and Toledo in rebel hands, and Madrid the centre of a converging circle of steel, the outcome of the civil war seemed to be no longer in real doubt last week when General Franco returned in triumph to the provisional capital at Burgos and was solemnly invested with the titles of Commander-in-Chief of the Insurgent Armies and Chief of the Spanish State. The ceremony took place in the sixteenth-century palace headquarters of the Junta, and afterwards the new leader came out on the balcony overlooking the main square of the city where a vast throng was waiting to acclaim him and where, in ringing tones, he spoke of his aspirations, particularly of his determination to create a united Spanish nation. "Believe me," he concluded, "the fate of civilisation is now being decided in this country. We are defending the heritage of our ancestors. You are about to revive the Spanish Empire, itself also a legacy from the past. Man has need of faith, faith in God and a Fatherland. Without faith a man is not a man"

On page 56 of this issue will be found an article by Charles Graves entitled "When Franco Wins"—a forecast of what may happen in the Peninsula during the next few weeks and of the measures that may afterwards be taken by the military dictatorship to secure economic rehabilitation

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

QUEEN MARY'S NEW HOME: Sentries on duty outside Marlborough House, Pall Mall, where Her Majesty has just taken up residence, using as her personal apartments those in the south-west wing which were occupied by King George as a young man. Queen Mary has spent a considerable time in supervising the decoration of the rooms and the arrangement of the furniture she has brought from Buckingham Palace

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, October 7, 1936.

FLYING TO JO'BURG.—The point of the Jo'burg air race was to demonstrate the efficiency of various types of British-made planes, and of course the stamina and efficiency of the pilots who flew them. To that end Mr. Schlesinger offered £10,000 in prize money. Nine machines took part. They did not represent the full range of British manufacture. The race has been hailed as a triumph for efficiency and stamina of man and machine. There is no doubt about the triumph of the spirit of man. I fancy many experts were too busy on Government contracts. Perhaps the conditions imposed and the endurance required were rather in advance of our times—for men and machines. Where were the nine? Scott and Guthrie finished winners. No other machine succeeded in finishing the course within the time limit and a majority fell out in the early stages. Of the serious rivals of the winners, Findlay and Morgan were dead in a crashed machine, both of them very valuable lives. It was not bad weather or even bad luck which caused eight out of nine machines to come to grief. It was a series of minor causes, faulty parts, or wear and tear due to intolerable strain. Of the prize money offered, it has been said that 60 per cent must go to the dependants of those killed in the race. Certainly (to the ignoramus) it is an occasion for mourning and for reconsideration. But I know I speak for a tiny minority which does not completely comprehend the necessity for all this hurry to cut a few more hours off the time taken to fly to the other side.

QUEEN MARY INSTALLED.—Marlborough House is once more a royal residence and flies the standard of Queen Mary. It is very familiar to her. She has three times at least superintended its decoration, and none appreciates better how its architectural features respond to careful treatment. It is a large house, but its domestic handicaps have been dealt with and it has been rationalised to suit modern conditions to a large extent. The southern range of rooms are enchanting and some of them are of comfortable size, and the garden and setting are alike delightful. The north side is built in, is dark and overlooked, but fortunately need not be much used. There is, I believe, still a way-in from the Pall Mall residence of Princesses Victoria and Marie Louise. The great wall paintings of Marlborough's victories remain the feature of the main and rather gaunt staircase, but colour and warmth now characterise the whole chain of rooms overlooking garden and park, and Queen Mary's personal treasures, which are very valuable and beautiful, have turned the storeyed palace, in which the imperious Sarah stormed and wrangled, into a treasure-house and an extremely comfortable and beautiful residence, worthy of its royal tenant. It is a great satisfaction to the public to see the flag flying over it and to know that the famous house is alive again.

MR. EDEN SPOKE PLAINLY.—The League has failed hitherto in its major aims because (a) Three great nations stood outside it; (b) All too many of those that were nominally within it were, through selfish nationalism or cowardice, disloyal to its tenets; (c) Some of those who admitted and embraced its conditions regarded those conditions as utterly rigid and inelastic in changed circumstances. In these points there is nothing new, a certain amount that is contradictory and much that is devoid of hope for better things. America for instance stands at the end of a very long row to be hoed before she will take her part in collective responsibility for the affairs of civilisation (but mainly of Europe). However, Mr. Eden clearly stated these obvious points. If the will were there, the League machinery as it stands could do much, if not all, to achieve its major aims. Is the will there? Mr. Eden did not solve the riddle but he suggested that the flame of the spirit, if alive, was very feeble. Assuming that it still flickers, the best the British Government can propose meanwhile is to vary League procedure in one or two particulars, whereby the League signatories may more swiftly and earlier reach decisions to prevent or deter aggressors without studying the views of the aggressors themselves. And since the League's guarantees are at present uncashable in emergencies, regional pacts with precise obligations to meet stated eventualities, must be pressed forward as a temporary makeshift and it will be Britain's aim to sponsor and press through a Western Pact. Nothing new again but clearly stated.

PRICE OF EMPIRE.—The Italians are finding that life at Addis Ababa presents a doleful picture and they are not saying much about the glories of Empire just now. No doubt Addis Ababa will not be so dreadful when the rains are over, but just now *Mud* is the price of Empire. English observers who have lately visited Addis all agree on the dreariness of the picture. Mud—seas of mud—everywhere. Thousands of troops wallowing in mud. Half as many thousand civilians maintained as labour corps working on communications in our time? It is not easy to be hopeful. That is why we need not light bonfires yet awhile to celebrate Mr. Eden's golden solution.

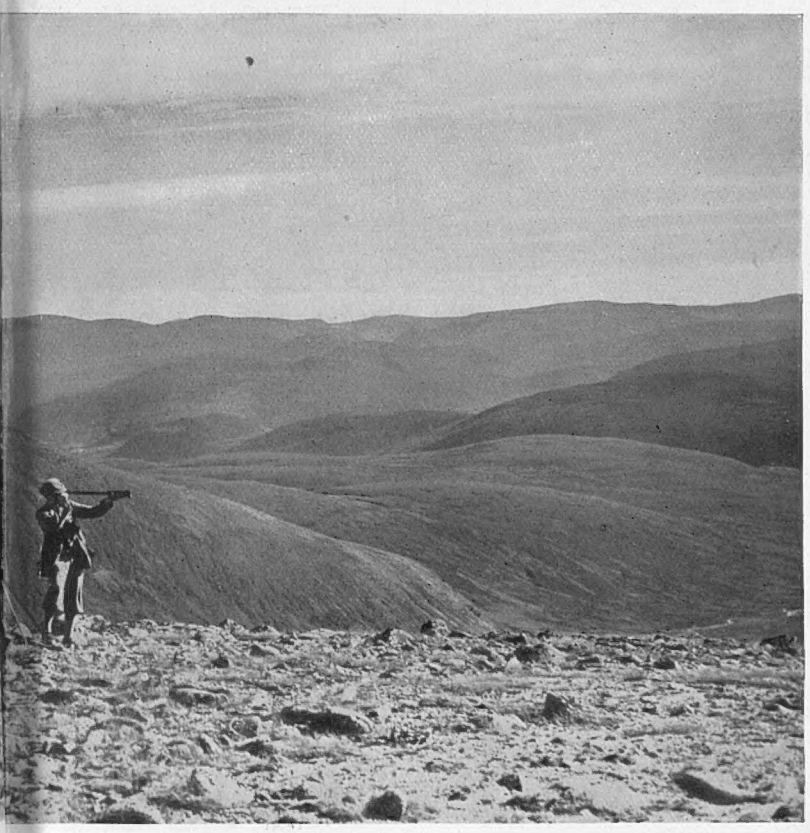
THE KING RETURNS SOUTH: His Majesty inspecting the guard of honour drawn up at Ballater station before he entrained for London at the end of his stay at Balmoral. He is wearing the Balmoral tartan which was designed by his great-grandfather, the Prince Consort, and which he has adopted in place of the more familiar Royal Stuart tartan

INTERNATIONAL GOOD MANNERS.—Mr. Eden was perhaps at his best in his general condemnation of what I ventured recently to call the second-rate pugilist's defiance of his rival, that blackguarding by dictators of the political policy of neighbour States. Britain stands by and for Democracy. We declare our own individual belief in Democracy as the only safeguard for personal liberty and national survival and international peace. But it is an article of international good manners, if not of policy, to respect or at least refrain from insulting, the political institutions of other nations. We may not like Fascism, Communism, or Nazism—we don't like them and we don't believe in their soundness—but it is not our habit to gird at them publicly, and we wish that other nations would show the same restraint. At the beginning and end of it all, in the matter of League reform, two essentials stand. To remove the economic barriers which impoverish world trade and to remove from the basic Treaty of Versailles such injustices as are to-day patent. Then the League may find a little courage and dignity and unanimity (through the eradication of economic starvation, of fear, of enforced national selfishness, and of an intolerable sense of injustice) to get to grips with the problems of how the undeveloped territories can be developed in the interests of more nations than those fortunate ones which jumped in when the going was good and staked the big claims. And, having settled that knotty point, the League may at last become a live force for peaceful settlement of international disputes. A very long row to hoe. Will the last stage come to the capital. Ruined buildings, desolate centres where once the country markets kept things lively and noisy and coloured. For nowadays, not an egg, not a cabbage, comes in to Addis from the countryside. The Italians imposed price regulations which disgruntled the country folk. All foods must come up from the bases. As the Roman legionary of old, sitting at Borcovicum on the Roman Wall in Britain, sighed for the delights of Rome, so the Duce's legionaries sigh for Rome. Let no Englishman laugh at the picture. For English Empire builders knew the same discomforts on the Afghan borders. Not a day passes in Addis but there is rifle and M.G. fire. Marauders and thugs hang on the fringe of Addis night and day, sniping and waiting their chance to slit an Italian throat, or steal an Italian rifle or clip of cartridges. It is as dreary as can be, and the fainter-hearted wonder, while the rain persist, whether aggression pays and the soil of Abyssinia will pay a dividend.

SHAKESPEARE'S APPEAL.—The Shakespeare festival of 1936 began on April 23, Shakespeare's death- (and perhaps birth-) day and ended on September 26, after a non-stop run which has beaten all known records. It

estimated that 250,000 people saw the plays produced, and "house-full" was a regular external sign of success during the matinée and evening performances. *King Lear*, produced by Komisarjevsky was the biggest draw, with *Hamlet* (by Eden Payne) second, which shows that we and our overseas visitors are serious-minded folk and not discouraged by philosophy, tragedy, and high-thinking. Of the comedies *Twelfth Night* and the *Shrew* and the *Merchant of Venice* drew in that order the biggest houses. The season has proved a definite financial success, if no Golconda, and plans for the Coronation Year are already being shaped in high hope. The obvious choice for the Coronation play is *Henry V*, with its proud and splendid purple passages of patriotism, to be declaimed, I trust, by some great actor with a voice like Ainley's. Nor must the claims of *Henry VIII*, that pageant play well fitted for a Coronation Year, be forgotten.

GAME BIRDS. — Books on shooting are harder to make attractive than books on fishing. There are a round dozen "classics" on fishing; only three or four on shooting (as shooting pure and simple). The reason is obvious. Fishing is an art and an opportunity for leisurely and acute observation of nature. Your shooter must for ever (even in the early stages of a long grouse drive) keep his eye to the front. Then again, the killing business is more rare and less obvious in fishing. A blank day's fishing makes good copy. A blank day's shooting is unthinkable and unprintable. So it needs tact and address to write a book on shooting. For if there be anything more dreary than a man's account of how he was "lucky enough" to secure



STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS: Members of Colonel Leonard Ropner's party spotting for deer in the hills above Braemar. Away in the distance is Ben Avon

a series of brilliant rights and lefts, it is a catalogue of Lord de Grey's or Lord Walsingham's individual records or an authorised list of the dozen greatest game shots. But with October a new shooting book is apt and welcome, if well done; and the well-known initials H. B. C. P. guarantee that the subject matter printed above them will be well treated. Mr. Pollard's *Game Birds and Game Bird Shooting*, just published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, is a jolly book, a wise book, a useful and informative book. It treats of shooting lore rather than of records, it is indeed in its way a naturalist's book and a useful *vade mecum* for amateur "keepers" and syndicate managers. It is illustrated with some charming plates in colour of game birds, and some excellent photographs (which I confess make my mouth water) of pheasants and partridges coming high over guns held straight. Valuable also are its appendices, which tell you all you need to know of how to forecast to-morrow's weather, of the speed of game birds, of how to judge the sex and age of game birds, how to load your cartridges, and how to keep on the right side of the law. There are useful chapters on diseases, vermin, and cookery. It is all syndicate shooting nowadays (alas!), and this book should be in the hands of every syndicate manager.

O LORDS, HOW LONG? —Is House of Lords reform a day's march nearer home? It would be an optimist who threw his hat up. Mr. Baldwin's heart, so warm as a rule, is icy on this subject. Or has been. It was generally understood that his refusal to move in the matter was due to his fear that the question would split the Conservative party from top to bottom and so jeopardise reforms and legislation, in his view far more pressing. Did the party meeting at Margate last week give him grounds for thinking that this notion is a chimera? The party discussed several grave and vital issues. It voted sensibly and solidly about Defence, and there is indeed nothing controversial (and no real party differences of opinion) about this issue; and Conservatives were not too insubordinate over agricultural policy or too cocksure about mandates. Then they turned to Lords' reform. Lord Salisbury and Lord Selborne have hammered at the point. No one ever supposed that a reformed and efficient Second Chamber could smother a revolution if a majority of the nation took up arms in revolt, as in Spain. But it is argued, and soundly argued, that it could check revolution by constitutional process (which is more in the British line). And the point is that, under our Constitution as now emasculated, revolution by such means, and the rash and hasty scrapping of our age-old and efficient institutions, could be brought about, unless a Second Chamber with effective powers to check (and to assure a cool decision by the nation on) slapdash proposals for a brave, new world, were in existence. Lord Lloyd moved for the immediate reform of the Second Chamber, and the amendment of the Parliament Act, to produce that safeguard. Lord Salisbury supported him. All the speakers for the motion deplored the insanity of year after year of drift. Mr. Baldwin has still four years certain. Will he drift on, or take notice? It is said that an overwhelming majority and cheers passed the motion. But no word was said —or no serious word—of the means. Aye, there's the rub. *Haeret ibi res.* It is the means rather than the ideal which splits the party; the ideal which antipathises the Commons. I do not feel very sure that Mr. Baldwin's heart will thaw.

THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BATH.—The Assembly Rooms at Bath, designed by the younger Wood, and imperishably recorded as a social centre of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries by Jane Austen and Dickens, were anonymously presented in 1931 through the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, which now manages them. They fell into disuse in Victorian days and later were used for shops and even for a cinema, but their main features were mercifully preserved and the old eighteenth-century grace and atmosphere remain. Now the Bath Corporation has a plan (which is likely to receive official assent), first to restore them and re-equip them in the best tradition, and then to return them to their original use —for assemblies. Everyone concerned welcomes this sane proposal: the Ministry of Health (concerned with the Corporation's request to borrow), the Office of Works (concerned with the building itself and thankful that a "lending library" proposal is dropped), the National Trust, and S.P.A.B. It only remains for the social historian to ask with a smile whether our age is more serious-minded than Jane Austen's. In her day the assemblies were principally on pleasure bent, to dance, to flirt, to sip water, and exchange gossip, to play at cards. Once in a way, I suppose, the gay visitors came together to hear an account of travels or of missionary work. But henceforth it will be fifty-fifty of uplift and frivolity. The old rooms will echo the platitudes and ideals of educationists, new-religionists, health cranks, political and social reformers, and not least literary lecturers of the American stamp. Fashions may change, brows may grow high or shrink low; but men still run together in herds, and Bath still attracts its visitors on pleasure and health and profit bent. It has done so since the days of the Romans, and the old site of so many centuries of hot air is to resume its designed functions. It is very well.

A PRACTICALLY FORGOTTEN NOVEL.—Upon my word! *The Times* dramatic correspondent in giving a critique recently of Mr. Milne's new play at the Liverpool Playhouse, allowed himself the following pronouncements: "Entitled *Miss Elizabeth Bennet* this play is based on *Pride and Prejudice*, not Jane Austen's best novel but her most popular one." "No doubt there were in the audience some who had refreshed their memories of a book enjoyed long years ago and now practically forgotten but . . . those folk did not enjoy any greatly superior advantage over those to whom the book was merely a name, if as much as that." Upon my word! As to whether *Pride and Prejudice* is Miss Austen's best or worst novel, each man is entitled to his opinion, though that opinion might be expressed with humility. But when it comes to speaking of this novel as "practically forgotten" and as "only a name if as much" to a majority of the audience, I very politely lose my hair with this critic of plays. Does he read no other column of *The Times*? Has he missed the symposium on "Jane's Marriage?" That symposium proved (if proof were needed) that *Pride and Prejudice* is as well known to "every schoolboy" as any modern best seller and has been searched through and through with a toothcomb by the novel-reading public.

AN ILLOGICAL DECISION? —The Shoe and Leather Fair every year decrees the fashions in women's shoes. For Coronation Year, red and blue decoration shades will predominate. Square toes and heels will also be the mode, and there is to be a line of short boots in contrasted kids called "Moscow Nights," a borrowing of fashion from Soviet Russia. All well and good. But a note of illogicality is struck by the decision in this year of all years to curtail the height of the heel to a mere 2 ins. for day wear. If ever there was reason for an extravagant height of heel it is in 1937, when the need for seeing over the heads of the front rank spectators is urgent. 1937 should be the year for 4-in. heels, and all science should be directed towards finding a suitable device on the telescopic principle for increasing those 4 ins. to 8 or 12 in emergencies. There should be spring-heeled Jills on the pavements of London in 1937; instead of which we are to have practically flat-footed females. Clearly it must be *place aux dames*. Women and children first once more. Women must be our front-rank men. Perhaps the decision is Macchiavellian after all. No need to say, "Would the 'lydy' in front kindly remove her boots?"

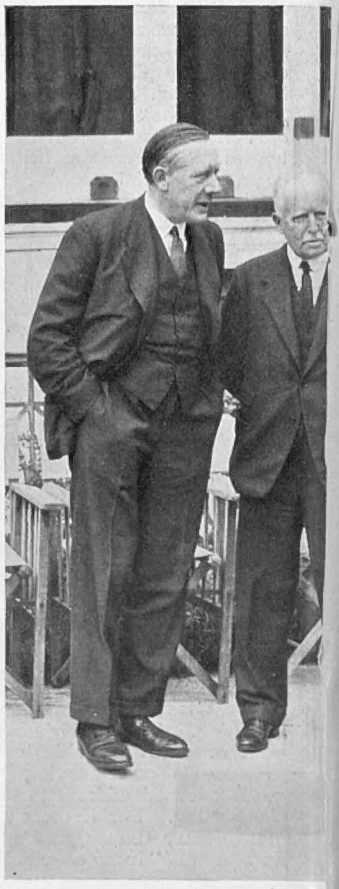
THE OLD STAGER

"AS THEY SWING ALONG SO GAILY WITH THE BAND": Members of Eton O.T.C. marching to Chobham Common, Surrey, where they had a field day last week. In the foreground is the Earl of Rocksavage, son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley

HEADLINED

A Pictorial Record

THE OFFICIAL VISIT TO CHATHAM: Naval notabilities at the Dockyard last Monday when Sir Samuel Hoare, the First Lord of the Admiralty, took the salute at a march past of nearly 4,000 men and afterwards inspected the Reserve Fleet with members of the Board of Admiralty. The two supreme heads of the Navy, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Ernle Chatfield (the First Sea Lord), and Sir Samuel Hoare are seen towards the left of this group, while also in the picture are Lord Stanley (Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty), Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald G. H. Henderson (Third Sea Lord), and Admiral Sir Edward R. G. R. Evans (Commander-in-Chief the Nore)



POLITICS AT MARGATE: Where National Union of Conserva opened at the Winter Gar Elliot (Minister of Agricul Mr. Douglas Hacking, chair

THE UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR IN EGYPT: Sir Philip Sassoon (centre) received by Air Commodore A. Walser, M.C., D.F.C., and Group Captain G. M. S. Insall, V.C., M.C., on landing to inspect No. 4 Flying Training School, during his tour of air bases in the Middle East. Kenya was also included in his itinerary

NO TIME TO LOSE: High speed refuelling of one of air race when it came down at Belgrade after Petrol can be seen splashing on one of the wings: At this stage there was little between the leading Africa the field strung out and in the end only

PILGRIMS OF INDUSTRY: Some of the 200 men of London with a petition to Government pleading for of people assembled near the town hall last Mon

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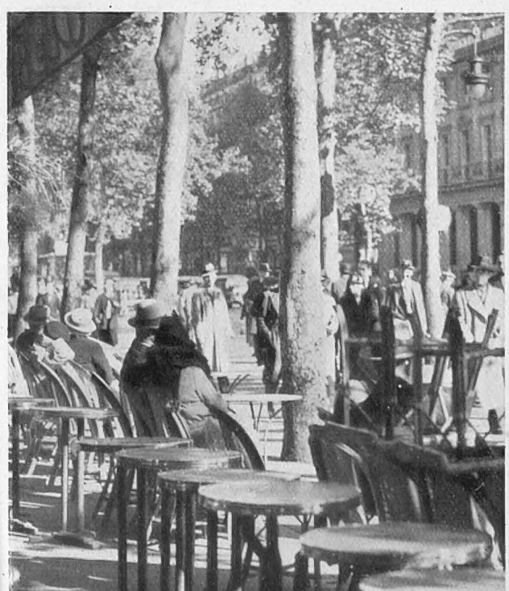
AN EVENTFUL WEEK IN PARIS

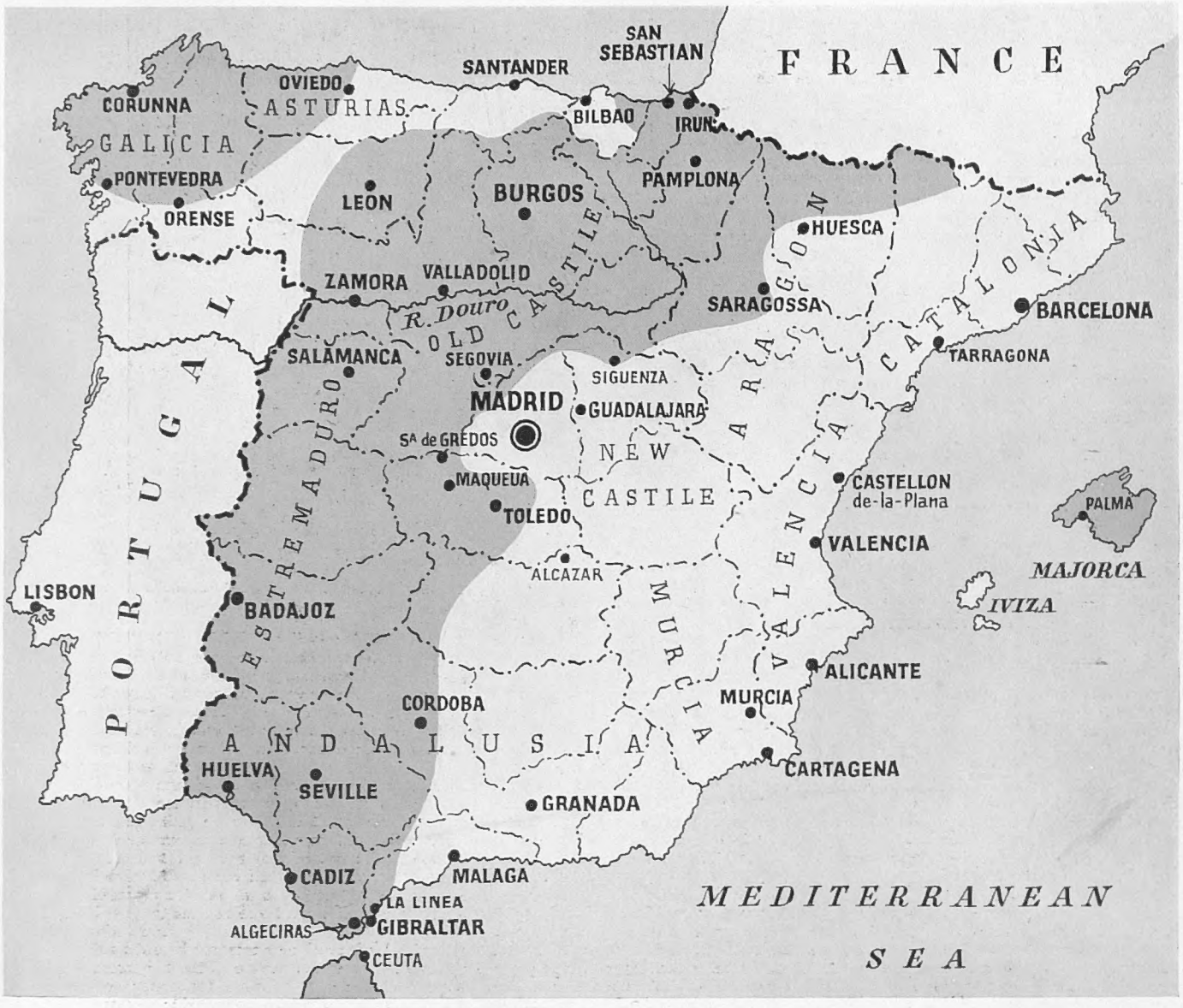
EXCITEMENT ON THE BOURSE as the devalued franc was launched for the first time and exchange dealings were resumed after an interval of nearly a week. Dealers were nearly swept off their feet by the flow of buying orders which had accumulated while the Bourse was closed, and in most cases it was quite impossible for them to satisfy the demand for shares. Rentes — Government bonds — rose on an average between nine and ten points during the day, and the general tone was one of such confidence that it allayed all fears on the London Stock Exchange, in Wall Street, and other centres of world finance



THOUGH DENIED THEIR APERITIF Parisians sat in the Boulevard cafés last week-end and basked in the sunshine. A picture taken during the waiters' strike when all restaurants and many hotels in the capital were without service. The dispute was soon settled

THE POLICE KEPT BUSY: *Left*—A rioter being taken off to jail and (*right*) steel-helmeted mobile guards keeping an eye on events near the Parc des Princes last Sunday when 15,000 members of the Parti Social Français (the former Croix de Feu) held an anti-Communist demonstration. There was one serious clash during the afternoon, a thousand Fascists engaging in a pitched battle with the police, using soda water siphons, chairs, bottles, and glasses from nearby cafés as weapons. About twenty persons were injured

PROGRESS OF THE PENINSULAR CIVIL WAR



THE LIE OF THE LAND: A sketch map showing (dark shaded area) the territory at present held by General Franco's rebel armies which in the twelve weeks of the campaign have captured the whole of the western part of the country except for a region in the north west, and are now encircling Madrid. At the time of writing General Queipo de Llano and General Varela are pushing on towards the capital from Toledo and Talavera, while Colonel Saiz de Buruaga has been entrusted with mopping up operations in Andalusia. General Moscardo, the newly promoted commander of the Alcazar garrison, is in charge of the insurgent troops to the north-east of Madrid and General Ponte is the leader in Aragon. The latter hopes to advance into Catalonia, which together with the rest of the east coast, is in Government hands

The Present Disposition of the Rival Forces in Spain

Elaborate preparations were being made by the insurgents this week for a combined air, land, and sea attack on Malaga, which, as the red naval base, is a keypoint on the south-eastern seaboard. Up to now Malaga has resisted all attacks but, as the accompanying map shows it is within fairly easy striking distance of rebel territory

The following notes by Colonel S. L. Cra'ster give in detail the present situation in the Peninsula, where the civil war is now entering on a vital phase, and the rebels are proving victorious on nearly every front.

SPEAKING broadly, the whites control the following: (1) In the north-west Galicia from the coast to a line from Oviedo south-west to Orense and the Portuguese border. (2) From San Sebastian on the Bay of Biscay, westward to Léon, thence south to the Portuguese border near Zamora. From this place their authority runs along the frontier of the Douro to Ciudad Rodrigo, thence south-east to the southern slopes of the Sierra de Grados. (3) South of this, the whites command the province of Estremadura and the bulk of Andalusia as far as Algeciras and Ronda. (4) In the centre and north, white authority extends along the Pyrenees as far east as Andorra State, and thence south-west through Huesca and Saragossa to the eastern shoulder of the Sierra Guadarrama. This mountain range, standing like a horseshoe north-west of Madrid, is at the moment the limit of white territory, but to the south of this range the whites are steadily advancing on Madrid and appear to be less than 40 miles from the capital.

In the north the reds hold (1) most of Asturias with whites to north and south of them, and if they lose Bilbao and Santander the red forces in that region will have been isolated and can do little but watch events. That they would attempt to break through is doubtful, for these are locally raised troops who might object to leaving their native province.

(2) The provinces of Madrid, New Castile, East Andalusia, Murcia, Valencia, and Catalonia are wholeheartedly red, whilst southern Aragon is as yet uncompromised. As both sides are to a great extent dependent on other nations for arms and munitions, the possession of the seaboard ports and of the passes over the Pyrenees are of great military importance. It is common knowledge that Russia and a large body of opinion in France sympathise with the reds, and in the past supplies reached the reds through Irun and San Sebastian in the north, and through Mediterranean ports from Barcelona to Malaga. The sympathies of Germany and Italy on the other hand are with the whites, and munitions, aeroplanes, and pilots have reached them from these countries, either in Spanish Morocco or through Atlantic ports. Again Portugal, whose eastern frontier runs with Spain, dreads a red success, and her sympathies are with Franco and the whites. It is not to be wondered at therefore that considerable supplies have passed through Lisbon and Oporto into the hands of whites in western Spain.

Both sides have found it necessary to improvise armies from the raw material of peasantry and townsmen. Here the reds had the initial advantage, for they could count on militia in considerable numbers, and these would leaven the raw conscripts during their training. But the whites for their part could count on many officers, more or less experienced, and also sergeants to mould their levies into shape. Both sides recognised the value of the air arm and each strove to obtain war-planes and pilots to man these weapons.

When the reds realised that troops were coming overseas from Morocco, planes were sent to sink the transports, and more than once British and other foreign merchant ships, as well as war vessels, were bombed from these planes, apparently on the off-chance that they were friendly to the whites.

The important town of Burgos in Old Castile was chosen as white headquarters whence forces moved forward to Irun and San Sebastian to close these avenues of supply of munitions to the reds. They succeeded and are moving westward on Bilbao and Santander. With these in their hands they can export the produce of the north and so far finance themselves whilst denying this to the reds.

On their side, the reds, secure in Catalonia and Asturias determined to push back the whites and have invested Huesca and Oviedo for weeks past. Day after day they have broadcast news of the "imminent" fall of these places, but still they hold out, and ere long the whites should be able to succour them. At Toledo the Alcazar occupied by cadets and other white troops was a standing menace to the reds as the town is barely fifty miles south of Madrid, and from its position threatens the red communications with Valencia.

Small wonder, then, that the reds descended on Toledo with considerable forces to capture the place out of hand. But the garrison won through after seventy days' siege, and their dogged valour enabled white forces to engage and rout the red besiegers. Now, in their turn, the whites are attacking and have pushed forward to Maqueda and the neighbourhood of Aranjuez. With the capture of the latter place, an important junction of roads and railways, white would put himself astride Madrid communications with the Mediterranean ports and the rich country to south-east. North of Madrid also the whites are pressing forward, though here their progress has been slow.

General Franco is said to be at Toledo and General Mola at Segovia, and their troops have joined hands west of Madrid, whence red sick and wounded are being sent south-east. Whilst the white generals rightly press on it is doubtful whether they will proceed to extremities and bombard the capital with artillery. It is more likely they will manœuvre for command of the roads and railways leading south and east from Madrid to dominate the rich area of supply now drawn on, viz New Castile and the provinces south of it. The population of Madrid is about 1,000,000, and the generals will prefer to reduce it by withholding water and food, rather than incur the heavy losses involved in bitter street fighting.

DIGGING IN: Government volunteers making a trench to the south of Madrid in anticipation of the rebel advance from Toledo and Talavera

SIENA'S PALIO | THE GRAPE HARVEST | GIPSY FUNERAL

WHERE MEDIEVALISM LINGERS: Picturesquely clad participants in the Palio, held annually in Siena on the day after the Assumption. The most important events in this festival are a procession in which members of the seventeen contrade (wards) of the city march through the streets in medieval dress, and a bareback horse race three times round the main square, the prize being a banner bearing a likeness of the Madonna. This last is a breathless affair and the daring of the riders (each of whom represents a ward) has to be seen to be believed as they gallop furiously over the perilously cobbled course

CHAMPAGNE IN EMBRYO: Transferring the grapes to a pannier after gathering them in one of the vineyards of Epernay, where work is now getting under way and, as in England at hop-picking time, whole families are taking part. Owing to indifferent weather the vines are not so well matured as they might be

MOURNING THEIR LEADER: Romany folk marching in the procession at the funeral at St. Polten, Austria, of Peter Vados, the "King of the Gipsies." The coffin was carried by eighteen pall-bearers, and at the cemetery 20,000 gipsies filed past the grave while a band played the dead man's favourite tunes

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THE WORLD OF WITCHCRAFT

Native Superstition in its Relation to Colonial Administration —A Vital Problem Discussed by the Delegates of Fifteen Countries at the Congress of Missiology at Louvain

By FERDINAND TUOHY

A GLOBE-GIRDLING audience of 300 listening to the delegates of fifteen countries impart their first-hand knowledge of witchcraft and sorcery as these are still practised, may sound far removed from Europe's snarling war neurosis until one recognises an affinity between elements of native magic and the fanning of mass hysteria on the contemporary Continent.

"Sorcery and religion have this in common; belief in the existence of supernatural forces, but the first admitting no absolute character in these forces, the sorcerer can measure himself against them. In first instance it was the impotence of natural causes that gave birth to sorcery, although a considerable role in its development was played by will power, an anxious fear, and the appetite for domination.

"The (Congo) sorcerer was from the beginning the adversary of all European influence. In order to excite a fanatical zenophobia a religious mysticism that would unite recruits holding very different ideas was imperative. From that, a new religion was created, made of an amalgam of others. The soul of this religion is that mysterious personage, redoubtable, exercising an action alike on bodies and souls, the sorcerer. This personage evolves by accepting around him during ceremonies a guard of assistants, to whom he delegates certain powers for exercising upon the mass. If he spread terror, himself enjoys complete immunity, for whoever dares to challenge will perish violently.

"The sorcerer's function is a double one; to invest with certain powers leaders who will make propaganda, and to preside over the principal ceremonies to which only selected ones are bidden, guaranteed by reliable and responsible individuals."

Mr. Roosevelt has referred to the modern sorcery by which nations are insanely kindled. Had he been present the other day in a hall of the rue de Namur, in the honoured old Brabant seat of learning of Louvain, the President would have found small difficulty in connecting certain tales from Darkest Africa with some of the current freakishness in Brightest Europe.

The occasion was a colourful one, set in the odour of sanctity; the fourteenth annual Congress of Missiology. The company comprised missionaries of both sexes and all Orders, Capucins, Jesuits, Dominicans, Benedictines, barefooted Carmelites, White Fathers, White Sisters, Daughters (*Filles*), and "Canonesses" of this and that congregation, and embraced most of the universe and all the countries possessing colonies or hoping to come by these. Germany, Italy, Poland, Czechoslovakia sat beside the British Empire, France, the United States, Portugal, Holland, Belgium. Not that the convention was in any sense political, although the existing colonial problem did creep in when papers read emphasised that native sorcerers will be found in the van of future revolt against the whites.

Father Charles, S.J., who is the papal expert on missiology, delivered what in America goes as the keynote address, and it seemed he was well aware of the volume of criticism that obtains of foreign missions in general, alike for their tendency to disturb the native in a fixed code of thought or belief, and to leave him often without any at all in substitution, and to implant progressive forms of white "civilisation," including the industrial, that can have highly nefarious reactions.

So much for the high lights; we enter a realm where they are lowered. A realm studied by amulets, spells, evil eyes, potions, cauldrons, charms, and Satanism.

Speaker upon speaker illustrated the difference between sorcerers, who cause evil of all kinds, and witch doctors, who seek to counter evils and remedy ills. The natives are well able to distinguish one from the other, if only by reason of their having suffered under the sorcerer and paid for the resultant necessary services of the curer.

Five elementals were submitted as going to form witchcraft of the wicked description; real or supposed practices, exercised by a living human being, to the detriment of his fellow beings, by means of uncontrollable agents or influences, which no divine authority guarantees.

Perhaps the worst example extant to-day concerns the notorious Leopard-men of the Belgian Congo, where the Bantu population continues to suffer appalling descents. Professor Moeller, Hon. Vice-Governor of the Colony, said the criminals went by the name of Aniotos and that they were now also concealing themselves in crocodile hides in which they would steal upon their victims while they were sleeping, rending them to death. When on the kill in leopard skins, the men were armed with long, sharp nails like the animal's claws, the victims being torn to death, again while they were asleep.

Despite public hangings the sect is steadily on the increase, nor will anyone reveal a word about its activities or membership, such is the fear embedded. The Aniotos have heretofore killed chiefly under the influence of a sorcerer's spell or for revenge, but lately there have been signs that gangsterism has entered in, and that the Leopard-men are prepared to bump off men, women, and children, at a fee, in their ghastly fashion. They are in particular, ready to remove men who have become obnoxious for political reasons. Sometimes they will kill for the sheer pleasure of killing.

Despite close trailing, no connection can be found between the Aniotos of the Congo and those of Sierra Leone, Liberia, and the Cameroons, nor can any central organisation be tracked. Apparently one becomes an Anioto by parentage, marriage connections, or alliance with the dominant Mambela tribe whose secret rites, shared by the Leopard- and Crocodile-men, assure these of immunity (Mambela celebrations have lately been forbidden, with what result it is as yet too early to say).

A Jesuit of Madagascar, Père Nicol, told of the hold the nocturnal sorcerer or Mpamosavy retains on the island. This evil-doer operates alone and in secret, dancing naked on tombs that he has violated, sowing ill-fortune and invoking curses on the souls of the living. Against him is employed the Ombyasy or healer, half doctor, half mouthpiece of divinity. The remedies he prescribes incontestably often have a natural efficacity, but his services have to be rewarded at a high figure, alike in health matters or in procuring happiness. In fact a serious by-product of sorcery concerns the manner in which native savings come to be poured out in counteracting it.

Several parts of the British Empire came under notice, notably India and the Transvaal. Incidentally attention was drawn to the "funereal experiences associated with certain English colonies where magic is punished as a crime."

Professor Berg, of Leyden, thought Hindu sorcery the most refined of all, as evidenced by the royal dignity of the magician in the Dutch Indies, by Hindu-Javanese literature, and the liturgical game of Wayang. He was borne out by Père Quirin, Punjab Capucin who developed the difference between classic and popular sorcery. The first is taught in the books of Tantrism, considered by many Hindus as an integral part of Revelation and so sorcery is raised to a branch of native theology. It was necessary to be on one's guard against travellers' tales purporting to reveal the sorcerer's secret practices. Certain revolting ones were the exception, the Tantric doctrine for the most part bearing on the use of mantras or magic formulae.

As for "popular" sorcery, the Capucin authority had no confidence whatever in the alleged miracles performed by fakirs. None the less it had to be admitted that this category of sorcery was prevalent and that the Sacraments were the only weapons Christianity possessed against it.

Two kinds of sorcerers still exercise great power in North Transvaal, chiefly among the Bavenda tribe: the muloi, who devotes himself to barbaric practices by night, and the valvi, who concentrates on black magic, either alone or with the aid of a fetisher. There is only one way to deliver the blacks from the misfortunes brought about by sorcery—evangelising. As things are, much money is expended on the employment of witch doctors, who are supposed to protect the natives from the spells of the mulois and the valvi, to heal stricken herds, and to end drought.

A weird invisible world believed to exist by the Murundi tribe in Central Africa, was depicted by Dr. Zuure of the White Fathers. "For the Murundi this hidden world is peopled by super-sensitive forces, so much so that the native can barely distinguish which of them he is totally at the mercy of and which he can control. The latter procure happiness and the intermediary between them and man is the mufumu (witch doctor). The intermediary with the evil spirits is the murozi (sorcerer) of whom there are two varieties, the amateur and the professional. Death, sickness, bad harvests, cattle mortality, sterility, all are put down to the murozi, among whose stock-in-trade freely figures poison. The Murundi are entirely subjected to sorcery, and with some cause in that three-quarters of the population in the past died at the hands of the murozi."

Dr. Zuure concluded by saying that it was difficult and delicate to pronounce as to whether diabolism does intervene; in a long experience he had not yet encountered proof positive. The great hope lay in explaining the natural causation of misfortunes to the natives, and in enhancing curative work among the diseased. In this way the tribes should have less and less recourse to preying witch doctors, and in course of time should be won away from sorcery.

Palestine is the country par excellence of the evil eye, the belief being that it "projects an arrow that goes straight to the heart and kills." Women and children, selected in particular, can be protected by the wearing of amulets.

Father O'Reilly told all about sorcery in the Solomon Isles, with special reference to the island of Buka. Inside of thirty years, a pagan Neolithic culture was transformed into a European civilisation, religious and material. All passed surprisingly well until four years ago, when Pako, a polygamous pagan and great traveller, set a movement afoot and became its leader by predicting a marvellous future. The authorities grew nervous and exiled Pako, who died on a neighbouring isle. Nothing happened anew until September a year ago, when the whole island passed into turmoil on its being

(Continued on page 74)

FROM KRAAL TO METROPOLIS: Native war dancers walking down a Johannesburg street after giving one of their regular Sunday displays in a mine compound. These men, who spend a month or two at a time in the city and then return to their homes, adjust themselves to their new surroundings with fair success, but it is debatable whether they benefit by Western industrial and cultural influences

THE IRAK PIPE-LINE PIERCED

Repeated Arab Outrages on the Palestine Section of the Route

THE PIPE-LINE BURNING AT KAW KAB EL MAWER: *Above and on left*—Dense volumes of smoke clouding the sky after an Arab attack on the famous Irak oil conduit which has been repeatedly pierced and set on fire during the past few months in spite of the vigilant watch kept by armoured car patrols using powerful searchlights. The correspondent who sent these pictures to "The Sphere" states that in one week the line was set on fire every night. As soon as the damage is discovered, and it is often within a few minutes, the flow of oil is withheld by the pumping station immediately to the east, and as a rule only about ten or twenty tons of oil are lost, a comparatively small amount when it is realised that the annual flow from the oil fields of Irak to the ports of Haifa and Tripoli is as much as 4,000,000 tons

Above and below—WANTED: Two portraits of Fawzi ed Din Kawakji, the man who is thought to be the brains behind the Arab revolt and who has been sought by every soldier and policeman in Palestine. He hails from Syria

DESERT PATROL: A police party who went to investigate the piercing of the Irak pipe-line at Kaw Kab el Mawer. The officer in command is wearing Arab headdress. *Below*—Smoke from two other burning sections of the line viewed from Beisan, the ancient town near Tiberias. In the middle distance can be seen some of the ruins

PALESTINE SURVEY

A GUARDIAN OF TEL-AVIV: A young Jewish volunteer, carrying a rifle issued to him by the British military authorities, on duty within the barbed wire entanglements of the all-Jewish town, which is now heavily defended to prevent a recurrence of the Arab outrages. The garrison was further strengthened last week by the arrival of companies of the North Staffordshire Regiment

THE BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE: Members of the first detachmen of the 10,000 troops sent to restore order in Palestine, disembarkin from the *Laurentic* after the liner had berthed at Haifa. The continger included the Headquarter staffs of the 1st Division under Major-Gener

PALESTINE'S LAND GIRLS: Two young immigrants of the Wizo farm school where women are taught agricultural work. There are at present several establishments of this kind in the country

BOUND FOR THE HOLY CITY: Men of the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, who arrived at Haifa in the *Laurentic*, seen at the station before entraining for Jerusalem where they are now comfortably billeted. This conting Scots Guards; the 2nd Battal 2nd Yo kshire Regiment; and

A RELIEF TRAIN arriving at the scene of a derailment brought about by Arab terrorists who throughout the campaign of violence have to a great degree concentrated their attention on the dislocation of the railway system. The crane is specially adapted for raising locomotives and rolling stock

C. C. Armitage, and of the 5th Division, under Major-General G. W. Howard, the former being posted to Jerusalem and the latter remaining in Haifa. *On right*—A camp established outside Haifa, where men from the troopship *Dorsetshire* went under canvas immediately after coming ashore last week

ncluded the 3rd Battalion, Coldstream Scots Guards; the 2nd Battalion, the West 2nd Battalion, the Cameron Highlanders

A MAIN HIGHWAY CUT: British patrolmen posted on a bridge on the Nablus–Jenin road which had been dynamited by Arabs and, although not completely destroyed, was rendered impassable for traffic. The 16th Brigade under Brigadier Evetts has now reached this district and for a week has been combing the countryside in an attempt to scatter the armed bands

CANADIAN BOOM

Mining Now the Dominion's Second Largest Industry

"TREASURE House of the Empire" can now be added to the other descriptive names by which Canada is known, as "Our Lady of the Snows" and "Granary of the Empire," for mining has become Canada's second largest industry, in value a third of agricultural production. The Dominion is to-day the world's largest producer of nickel, platinum metals, and asbestos; is second in production of radium and zinc, third with gold, silver, cobalt, and copper, and fourth in the output of lead.

Mining has been booming in Canada. Prior to 1929 there was a boom. It fell off somewhat with the drop in world prices for metals, but since 1931, with the rise in gold prices, activity in the unexplored regions of Canada has been pushed at high speed. Gold has become the major mineral for which prospectors prospect. Gold has become the reason for the rapid pushing back of the northern frontier in recent years. Gold has resulted in log cabin towns where a few years ago was wilderness. Gold has meant the pushing of highways farther north. Without gold airplanes to-day would not criss-cross the vast "useless barrens" of a few years ago. Gold has made Toronto with its skyscrapers the mining centre of the Dominion, and has shown that the prairie provinces are good for other things than raising crops.

A GOLD SEEKER OF THE NORTHERN BUSH: One of the hardy prospectors who have done so much for Canada's mining industry

Beyond the railways in virgin bush axes are ringing these days as new mining camps are opened. Maps which are the result of aerial photographs guide prospectors and mining engineers travelling by canoe or airplane. Communities spring up about every claim which goes into production from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Each good strike means the northward move of barbers, shopkeepers, shoemakers, government mining recorders, post-offices for air-mail, and gasoline storage depots. Each strike sees an army of prospectors and would-be prospectors follow, to sound the surrounding district, to find the continuation of the veins which make the strike.

While private enterprise and individuals make up the bulk of the freight, and passengers of the northern air lines constitute the majority of those who travel little-known rivers in their quest for gold, an idea of the volume of work may be gained from the fact that last year Canada's Federal Government sent 1,000 engineers and assistants in 190 parties to scour the northland for unexplored regions of possible mineral wealth. This summer the resultant reports have sent thousands into regions not long ago considered too remote to stake claims.

The primeval forest and lake areas of northern parts of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan, are comparatively near railways compared to Great Bear Lake, Great Slave Lake, and Lake Athabasca in northern Alberta and the North-West Territories. But no longer are these lakes in remote areas. Mining men, financiers, labourers, stenographers, and even tourists, travel to-day with ease and comfort to and from the Arctic Circle of Great Bear Lake. Airplanes fly on schedule because gold, silver, and radium mines are now in operation or near operation on the shores of those northern lakes. Edmonton in Social Credit Alberta is the gateway to that region, which at the turn of the decade was out of touch with the rest of the world.

Far inland in the mountains of northern British Columbia, but south of the once famous Yukon gold rush territory, white men so seldom visited that even the famous "Mounties" did not patrol the region. But to-day the picture is changed. Airplanes land on mountain streams and lakes, and picturesque names, such as the Nahanni River and Fort Liard, are daily used in the mining world.

Everywhere in Canada the picture is the same. New towns, new regions, new mines. And areas which once hoped to become mining towns are taking on new life, for gold mines which did not pay when the world was on the gold standard, are being re-opened for production at to-day's gold prices.

In actual figures the mining boom is a reality. Gold production last year was Canada's highest with 3,290,664 fine ounces valued at 115,798,000 dollars. This year gold production increased fifteen per cent during the first four months of the year, and a government estimate places output for 1936 at 135,000,000 dollars.

EXPLOITING CANADA'S MINERAL WEALTH: Miners working with modern rock drilling machinery in the Northern Ontario goldfield

Despite the slump in base metal values such as copper, lead, and zinc, Canada's mining industry in 1935 nearly equalled the output value of the record year 1929, the figures being 310,162,000 dollars and 310,850,000 dollars respectively.

A prosperous mining industry keeps other business going at full speed. Mining machinery, explosives, electrical equipment, lumber, tools, chemicals, electric power, freight, insurance, building materials, these are but part of the materials required by the mining industry. Last year, Minister of Mines Hon. T. A. Crerar stated recently, mines purchased equipment totalling 180,000,000 dollars.

Mining has also taken up some of the unemployment slack, Canada's mines, in fact, are going to be one of the main cures for the depression.

James Montagnes

SIMLA'S AUTUMN EXODUS

When the Sahibs Return from the Hills to the Plains

INDIA'S SUMMER CAPITAL IN THE HILL COUNTRY: Simla shrouded in mists after the breaking of the monsoon

"THE offices of the Government of India will close at Simla on the 14th October and reopen at New Delhi on October the 21st, 1936."

Thus annually, the dates varying but little according to current work or climatic conditions, does a prosaic announcement herald the exodus from its summer headquarters of an administration governing the welfare of 350,000,000 souls. By these few bald words is a trek equivalent in point of distance to the move of the whole of Whitehall from London to Nottingham, and in point of difficulty equivalent to a move of Government from a mountain twice as high as Snowdon, set in motion.

Sitting in the smoke room corner of a club whose members are mostly drawn from the Services in India, a grey-haired old gentleman reads the announcement, drops his paper on to rheumatic knees, and gazes wistfully through the window at the rain pouring upon London pavements.

In Simla at this moment, he recalls, a bright autumn sun relieves the faint tang wafted from the snow peaks of the Himalayas, and beats down upon the efficient activity of Secretaries to Government, Under-Secretaries, on all the descending strata of that great machine now involved in its annual pilgrimage from the heights round Jakko to the lovely new capital which is the eighth Imperial Delhi.

Old scenes and activities in which he himself participated come ranging back.

"H'm, October 14," he muses, "a bit warm still in Delhi, I'll warrant: but then they have all the latest conveniences in that modern capital now, one hears—long baths (he recalls a tin tub and a snake-infested waste hole through the mud wall), modern sanitation, electric light—gawbless my soul—and even air conditioning in Lutyens's magnificent palace which is called the Viceroy's House. Things and even the destination have changed since my day. It was Calcutta when we made the move."

Calcutta or Delhi, the exodus is the same to-day as ever it was. To-day as in the past a mere twisted strand of wire holds shut each of the hundreds of wooden boxes carrying the secrets of government in their transfer from the hills to the plains.

True the scores of clerks, the thousands of files—those files dealing with every subject of government from the petition of an old Jat widow pensioner at Rohtak to plans for the self-government of a large slice of the world's population—now move overnight down the winding hill railway to Kalka. No longer does the tinkling swingle-bar of the post tonga of Kipling's day strike echoes from the hills round Solan: its voice is stilled, its sphere usurped by a red mail motor honking its way past chattering monkeys scrambling from one arboreal road to another.

Yet, though modern transport has transformed the journey from railhead to railhead, in the hill capital itself conditions have changed no whit.

On the roads of the township founded by Charles Pratt Kennedy, the man whom Jacquemont, the famous French traveller, calls "the best paid of all captains of artillery in this sublunary world and more of a king of kings than Agamemnon himself, without any Achilles to oppose him," none but the Viceroy, the Governor of the Punjab, or the Commander-in-Chief may use motor transport. Lesser men are borne in rickshaws, those humiliating conveyances drawn by human traction through the crowded Mall, past the Gaiety Theatre, and up the incline to the club. To-day, as in the past, ladies in all their garden-party finery ride, like the maidens of Seville, on horses to Viceregal Lodge.

As the exodus proceeds strings of hillmen grunt and shuffle in rhythmical steps down the slopes of Jakko, with huge burdens, sofas, boxes, even pianos, strapped upon their bowed backs. Human porterage is still the only method of baggage transportation in the summer capital.

As the stream moves by the very soul of domestic or official life is revealed to the observant. Here a massive steel safe jerks its way down to Army headquarters. There a child's cot, neatly folded, and labelled large with the name of the owner for all the world to see, straddles the shoulders of a hillman porter who in the hand unoccupied with his guiding staff carries a tin hat box and a swinging lantern. That cot, says the observant spectator to himself, was not there when the Smiths came up the hill. And he smiles with the sympathetic smile of a family man.

Behind, in all the glory of a scarlet coat, gold belt, and ivory-hilted dagger in his waistband, struts the head *chaprassi* of a great man, aloof, and a little disdainful from much reflected glory taken unto himself.

Then comes the thin wailing of pipes and the throb of military drums: the Gurkha guard, descendants may be of those very men from whom Ochterlony wrested these heights in the early nineteenth century, marches past from its last duty at Snowdon to its quarters at Kariatu. They also are on the move. In a few days now the familiar cantonment surroundings of Dehra Dun will welcome them after a pleasant summer's interlude guarding their Commander-in-Chief and their Viceroy.

The captains and their things depart. European shops, following in the wake of the great and the rich, have flitted. Shutters give back a vacant stare as one strolls down the Mall, a Mall which but a few days ago seemed so crowded, so overcrowded with hurrying life. The larger hotels are shut. The rickshaw coolies have mostly dispersed to winter at their homes on the meagre profits of the season.

Meanwhile in Delhi the transformation from the medieval existence of a hill station to the modern life of an Imperial capital is complete

The exodus is over. The old gentleman in the window seat awakes from his reverie and the memory of that year when a highly confidential missing file was discovered in the bathroom of a wayside dak bungalow. He chuckles at the recollection and turns to his neighbour: "They've moved down," he says, and his neighbour requires no further explanation.

"Yes," he replies, scowling at the rain, "it must be pleasant in Delhi now."

Eric Wakeham

PAGEANTRY IN NEW DELHI: Guard changing ceremonial outside the Viceroy's residence to which Lord Linlithgow has now returned

How an Asbestos-Suited Patrolman Protected the Johannesburg Air Race Planes Before the Start of the Contest

WINGED NEWS

Counteracting Glare in the Upper Atmosphere — Eastern Canada Air Lines Commission a Fleet of British Monospars

THE HUMAN SALAMANDER: While the nine machines were assembled at Portsmouth before the start of the Johannesburg race, this patrolman, wearing the latest type of asbestos suit, kept constant guard in case of an outbreak of fire. Thus clad he could fight flames at close quarters with the minimum of danger. He is standing in front of Ken Waller's ill-fated plane. *On left*—The "Bristol 138" in which Squadron Leader Swain re-gained for Britain the world's altitude record. The top of the fuselage and the wings were painted black to counteract the glare in the upper atmosphere

BRITISH FREIGHT CARRIERS FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES: The scene at Hanworth Aerodrome, Middlesex, during the ceremony at which Lady Shelmerdine, wife of the Director-General of Civil Aviation, christened five new Monospars commissioned by Eastern Canada Air Lines for mail and goods service between Moncton, Halifax, Saint John, Sydney, and Charlottetown, after which cities the five machines have been named. The planes, which can carry loads up to 724 lb., have a cruising speed of 118 m.p.h. and are fitted with twin Pobjoy Niagara III engines. Mr. Gordon England, managing director of the manufacturing company, stated during the course of his speech that "in the national interest everything possible should be done to counter the lie, circulated abroad for ulterior motives, that Britain is too busy building fighters to worry about passenger and civil aircraft"

NORTHERN G.H.Q.: Adjutants and aides-de-camp waiting to receive their orders for the day in the anteroom of General Mola's offices at Valladolid from which he has been directing the attack on Madrid

When Franco WINS

What is Going to Happen in Spain? — A Forecast

By CHARLES GRAVES

DESPITE the devaluation of the French franc, the Dutch guilder, and the Swiss franc; despite the long distance cross-talk between Hitler and Russia; despite the boom in gold shares and the drop in Government securities, Spain remains in the lime-light of world news and the Spanish situation bristles with a series of significant question marks. How many Spanish refugees have escaped? What are they living on? How many grandees have been assassinated? What has happened in the various Spanish Embassies in England and on the Continent? How many people have been killed in the civil war? How much has the revolution cost? Will Germany be given the Canary Islands, and Italy the Balearics? What kind of Government will be set up when the insurgents, alias the rebels, alias the whites, alias the anti-Communists, alias the National cause gain command of the country? Is it a Monarchist movement?

I think I have the right answers to all these questions. The number of refugees escaping from Spain has been distinctly limited because the reds and the anti-reds had at least one thing in common—a refusal to allow anyone to leave the country with any money in his pockets. This has meant the virtual impossibility of fugitives crossing the border in large numbers. It is true that at Biarritz and Hendaye across the border there are numbers of women knitting socks and jerseys, just as was done in England during the war, for their relatives and friends fighting on the anti-Government side. A few who had money already invested over here have made their way to England. I was told at the Spanish Club that their bedrooms could have been filled over and over again in Cavendish Square.

According to one of the very few Spanish grandees in residence in London at the moment, nearly half of the original 140 have been killed, and the remainder are fighting with General Franco or General Mola. He, however, was contradicted by another Spaniard, not a grandee, with a similar knowledge of the Spanish situation. The latter pointed out that the majority of the grandees were over sixty years old, and so could not be taking an active part in the civil war. As for the assassination of these aristocrats of aristocrats, these were fortunately few.

The Embassy in London is now controlled by the Spanish Consul-General, Alvarez Bullia, and Ramos Oliveira. Both are reds. The first Ambassador sent over by the Popular Front Government, Don Julio Olivan, resigned very shortly after he discovered the changing character of the Government he was representing. The original Embassy staff of six months ago have all resigned. It is the same in Paris, where reds are in charge of the Embassy. In Berlin and Rome, where Communists are not tolerated so gladly, the existing Spanish Government has no representatives whatsoever.

To return to London, there is a trio of Spaniards who are looking after the interests of the rebels from a suite in a Mayfair hotel, but it would be as injudicious to give their names as it would be to talk politics in the Spanish Club in Cavendish Square.

All told, there are about 900 Spaniards resident in London. Most of them are fruiterers, cork merchants, waiters, or sherry merchants. The fruiterers in particular have been badly hit by the revolution. With the exception of a dribble of exports from Valencia, nothing in the way of oranges, lemons, and grapes has come out of Spain for months.

Which brings us to what the civil war has already cost Spain. Probably £150,000,000 would be a fair estimate. It must be realised that a civil war evidently disorganises a country much more than a normal war with another country. Industry ceases; and people who do not work cannot earn salaries. In consequence of this, purchasing power is lost. Munitions of war have had to be improvised or purchased at the highest prices. On top of this comes the cost per soldier per day. It has also been estimated for me that at least 80,000 people have lost their lives either in action or facing a firing squad.

What is going to happen with Madrid's fall? I am informed that the first step will be to transfer the Junta from Burgos to Madrid, with General Cabanellas as President and figurehead. Franco, as announced in the Press, will be active head of the Government. The former is an elegant old man with a white beard, and knowing everything that is required of his future task. (It is presumed that meantime President Azaña will have fled.)

Fortunately for the future of Spain, the two rebel generals are mutually complementary. Brigadier Franco is a fine soldier. He also shows great administrative qualities, as was proved by his tenure of the post of commandant of the Military Academy at Saragossa. His personal bravery is already legendary, an attribute still necessary, even in these days, to a general in Spain. It may be pointed out that he was in London as recently as the funeral of King George, where he was one of the Spanish Military Mission representing the Spanish army.

Brigadier Mola was chief of police during what might be described as the agony of the monarchy. In consequence, he knows all about Madrid and the Madrillaneans. His dossiers are complete and invaluable. Better still from the point of view of the rebels, the two men work hand in glove. There has been much speculation as to future jealousies between the two men. "They are just like a big brother and his younger brother," said my Spanish grandee.

The movement, it must be pointed out, is in no sense Monarchist. The fact that the rebels use the red and yellow flag of Spain has led many people to believe that they were Royalist in tendency. It is a matter of history that in the 'seventies the first Spanish republic used the red and yellow flag just as before. This by origin was the naval flag designed by Charles III of Spain, and has nothing to do with ex-King Alfonso, whose personal flag is red and white. If further proof is necessary, Don Juan, the technical heir to the Spanish throne, was sent back across the border after offering his services to the insurgents at Burgos; and Don Alfonso, who married the Infanta Beatrice, also had his services refused because of his Royal rank.

As to the suggestion that the insurgents will give any part of Spain or its dependencies to Germany or Italy in return for services rendered, this theory can be laughed out of court, I am told. The insurgents are fighting for the unity of Spain; and to alienate part of the national territory would be obviously absurd and opposed to their principles. Quite apart from which, neither England nor France would tolerate such a move for a second.

But what else will happen? The first move will be for the new Government to "present itself to the Powers," and it believes that within twenty-four hours its claims to jurisdiction will be accepted by every country, except possibly Russia. Thereafter there is bound to be a certain elimination of undesirables, together with a strong military dictatorship. It is improbable, however, that Catalonia will be attacked. Catalonia is much more likely to be frozen out by tariffs. No doubt there will be some bloodshed along the invisible borderline, but it will not be on anything like the same scale as the fighting hitherto.

It is considered by the provisional Government at Burgos that a fiscal war will have far more rapid and effective results than armed forces would have. Once before when Catalonia rebelled—at the same time as Portugal—it was rapidly proved that it could not exist independently. This is more the case now than ever. The natural market for Catalonia, the capital of which is Barcelona, is the rest of Spain, and the internal industries of Germany and Italy would make it impossible for those countries to absorb any exports from Catalonia, the Government of which would in any case be abhorrent to them. The Catalonian question, therefore, will be solved by non-military methods and, it is hoped, before February.

Under the military dictatorship constructive efforts towards national trade recovery will be made, and then, of course, will come the inevitable corollary. This will be the loan for several million pounds presumably to be negotiated in London—

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GRAND OLD MAN OF THE NATIONAL REBELS: General Cabanellas, formerly military governor of Saragossa, and for the past ten weeks the head of the Provisional Government at Burgos

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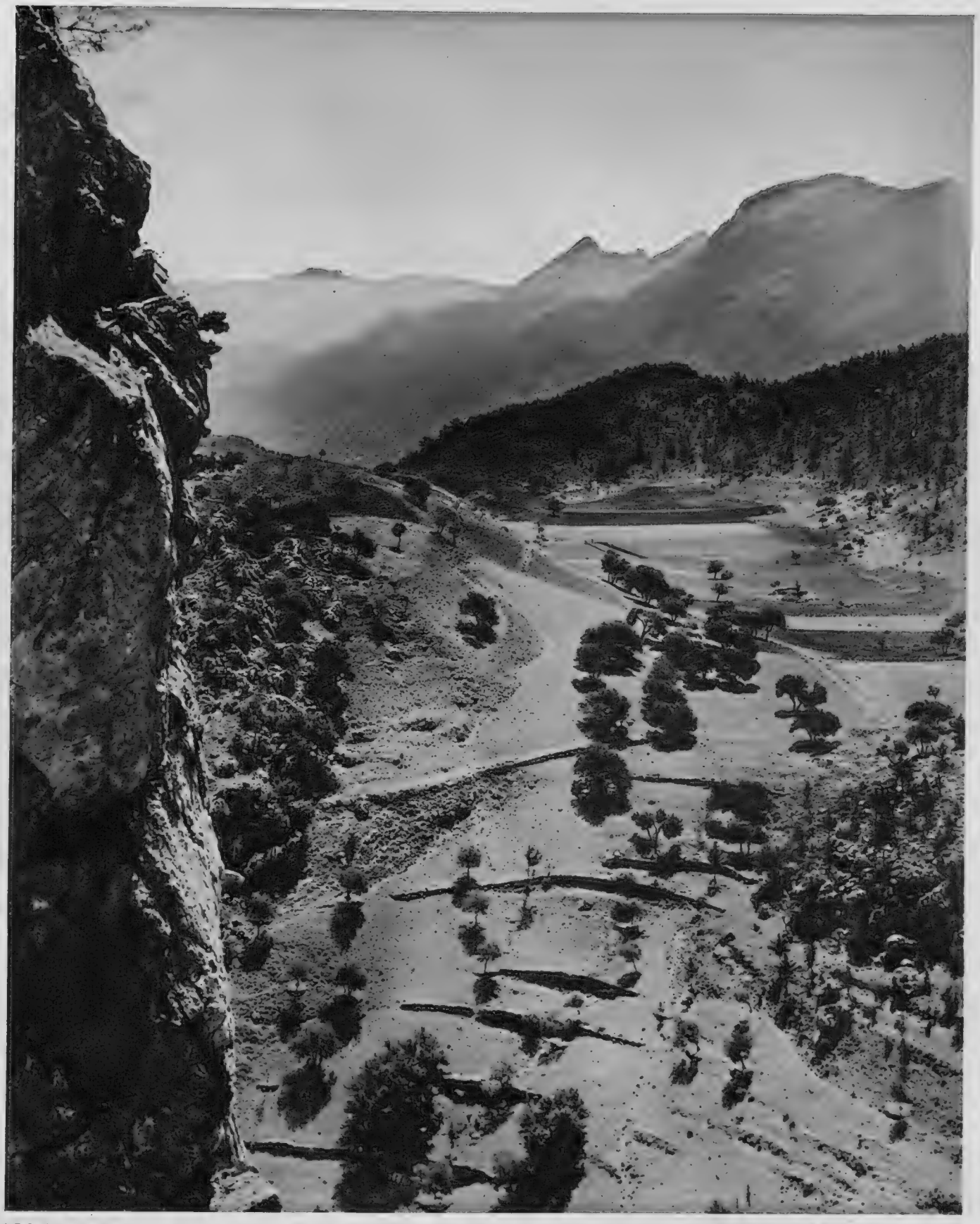
AVAL BASE

e mountain castle near Kyrenia

of Cyprus is a tardy justification Treaty of Berlin in 1878. The until 1914, when Turkey entered a Crown Colony. These pictures ysical characteristics of the Island



LOOKING DOWN FROM ST. HILARION on one of the Island's many delightful valleys. Cyprus, which has a fairly good though variable climate, is a place of great natural beauty, its pine-clad slopes and jagged peaks giving it a scenic individuality all its own. It has long suffered from a lack of water, but of recent years much has been done to remedy this deficiency

THE MESSARIA: The vast and almost featureless plain near Nicosia, the capital. This central part of the Island is particularly fertile, and here are raised some of the magnificent tobacco and cereal crops for which Cyprus is famous. There is a great scarcity of trees here, but since the first years of the British administration an attempt has been made at re-afforestation

THE SHOW THAT BECAME FRONT PAGE NEWS: Lupe Velez, vivacious Hollywood screen star, and Ruth Etting, the American vocalist, popularly known as the "Sweetheart of the Air," passing the time at the Adelphi Theatre while the fate of *Transatlantic Rhythm*, Felix Ferry's new production, hung in the balance. Miss Velez, Miss Etting, and the other principals refused to appear unless their salaries were paid, but at the last minute agreement was reached, and the first night audience gave the revue an enthusiastic reception

ANXIOUS HOURS IN THE BACK STAGE DRAMA: Felix Ferry (in foreground wearing light coat) with members of the cast, theatre officials, and pressmen during the long-drawn-out negotiations at the Adelphi which preceded the rise of the curtain. It appears that the real cause of the trouble was a shortage of working capital due to unexpected expenses

BUCK AND BUBBLES, the two coloured comedians of *Transatlantic Rhythm*, discussing the situation with fellow members of the cast outside the Adelphi

DRAMA

"Transatlantic Rhythm" and "Let's Raise the Curtain"—two New Revues

By PHILIP PAGE

SO many revues of paralysing inanity are produced in London without any preliminary alarms and excursions that it seems strange that one with so much that is good in it should nearly not have been produced at all.

Into those financial excitements which preceded the rise of the curtain at the Adelphi Theatre last week I do not propose to enter now. They are ancient theatrical history by this time; the details of the impresario's anxieties and what was at the back of the minds of the backers do not concern me, and I do not see that they concern anyone else beyond those immediately involved as debtor or creditor. However, there are those who thought otherwise; hence a big "news story" and not a very edifying or amusing one.

Transatlantic Rhythm, the revue about which was all the pother, is not in any way edifying. But parts of it are amusing. I have heard it said that a successful revue must have about it the element of surprise. The surprise in this case is that a show which it was generally felt, right up to the moment when it eventually did start, was not going to be of much consequence, looked from that very moment like being a winner.

With the exception of a pair of coloured comics not one of the principals is exactly weighed down into the dust with ability. One of these, Miss Ruth Etting, described as a "torch singer," vanished from the cast for good reasons of her own after the first performance, and I do not think her disappearance is likely to affect the length of the run. To me a torch-singer of any quality is a torture-singer. Technically she is the female equivalent of the crooner. In the insect world one can frequently find the female of the species described as being "more highly coloured than the male and fiercer." The analogy holds. Miss Lupe Velez, who has won fame on the screen, struck me as having high spirits rather than outstanding talent. But those high spirits came in uncommonly useful in what might have been embarrassing circumstances, and I congratulate Miss Velez in throwing in, also, abundant energy and in making most of us feel as cheerful as she seemed.

The comedian, Mr. Lou Holtz, won his laughs and deserved them. Rather too many were machine made, the slick "wise-crack" which burns up any humour it may have possessed by being much too sure of itself. Also, some of Mr. Holtz's scenes were too much concerned with the fun or suggestiveness or both (or neither) of patting or stroking or slapping the female form divine (and the female forms in this revue were, if not divine, most alluringly human). This was probably not his fault, but "we were not amused."

When, on the other hand, Mr. Holtz let himself go with some impromptu work and in the most amusingly good-natured fashion told some members of the audience after the interval exactly what he thought of them, he was irresistible. Never since the days of Harry Pelissier have I heard late-comers dealt with so comprehensively.

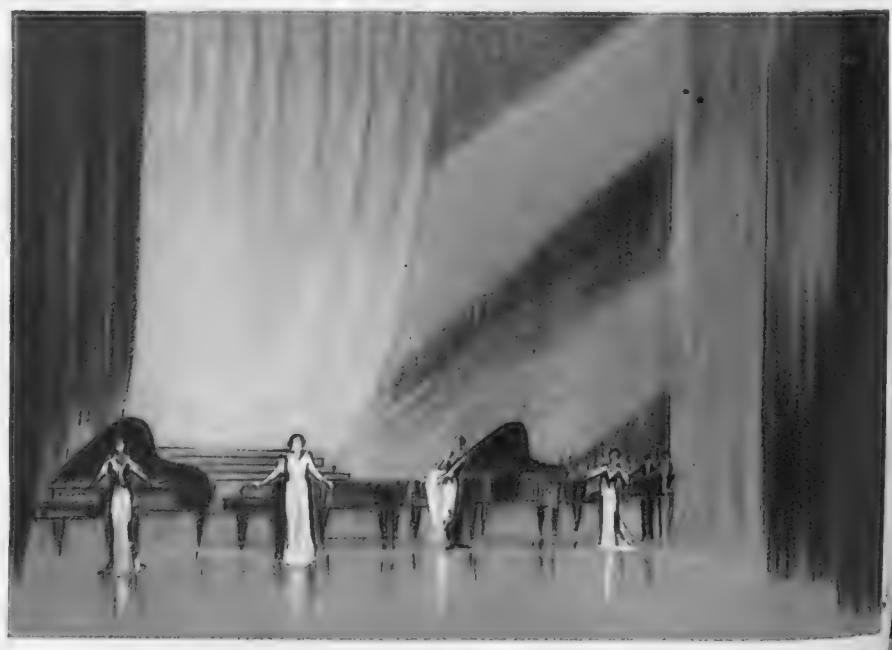
Most of the sketches are lamentably weak and the inevitable "spectacular ballet"—a pierrot-cum-Venetian business with a revolving stage and some revolting music—was devastatingly silly. On the other hand, a less pretentious ballet-episode was admirable, though it did introduce that very old friend, much exploited by Mr. Noel Coward, the "poor little rich girl" who goes to too many parties and drinks too many cocktails and is altogether too silly and irritating for words.

The coloured comics, Buck and Bubbles, are first-rate. One is tall and thin and toothy and an amazing tap-dancer; the other is short and plump and an amazing pianist in a jazzy sort of way. They abuse each other and joke about each other and they lifted the show up to cheerful heights just when it seemed to be sagging a bit. The negroid atmosphere also appears in a finale, "Breakfast in Harlem," in which people in black and white dance frantically. I have had breakfast in Harlem and remember something about black-and-white there. But it wasn't dancers.

"Let's Raise the Curtain."

—The revue *Let's Raise the Curtain*, at the Victoria Palace, is an odd business. (In view of certain anxieties which seem likely to crop up in the light entertainment world just now, I suggest "Let's raise the Money" as a suitable revue title.) At least two thirds of it is an enjoyable business. But I cannot picture it without Miss Florence Desmond, whose instinct for burlesque is as keen as her genius for mimicry.

To show a sample of the old Standard music-hall, which is what the Victoria Palace used to be, is a good idea, well carried out. This part of the entertainment soon develops into a variety show, among the turns being Mr. Fred Sanborn (xylophonist), the Taka Sisters (contortionists), Miss Elizabeth Welch (vocalist), Miss Charlotte Arren (another vocalist, of a more bizarre type) and the Twelve Aristocrats, who if not outstandingly aristocratic, proved that they can do a lot of things real aristocrats cannot do.



TWO FIRST-NIGHT IMPRESSIONS OF "TRANSATLANTIC RHYTHM": In spite of the trouble that preceded its production, this show at the Adelphi gave no evidence of its lack of rehearsal. The scenery devised by Marcel Vertes was evidently handled by an expert staff, for no hitches occurred. Mr. Vertes is very clever in the use of curtains and gauzes, and he provided a sense of great space for the setting of Ruth Etting's song, "Who'll Buy

IN ENGLAND'S HOLLYWOOD: *Left*—Marlene Dietrich with technicians and cameramen before shooting a scene in *Knight With Armour* in the grounds of Denham, where Alexander Korda has made a reconstruction of part of Hyde Park. *Right*—Marlene in action. This is the first picture she has made in this country, and its release is being eagerly awaited

Then there is a sort of potted version of a half-forgotten operetta, *Beautiful Galatea*. As Mr. Douglas Furler has done the potting and the polishing, dullness is banished; Mr. George Gee is the comedian and Mr. Bruce Carfax is the vocalist. But this is not the brightest part of the revue, which is triumphantly dominated by Miss Desmond generally and, in particular, by her brilliant impressions of the highly paid broken-English of La Bergner, La Garbo, La Dietrich, *et hoc genus omne*.

"Œdipus Rex."—I have neither the space nor the inclination to follow the example of certain of the more erudite of my colleagues and to seize on the revival at Covent Garden of *Œdipus Rex* as an opportunity to launch a dissertation on Greek tragedy and its relation to the theatre of 1936.

Of course there is practically no relation at all, which may be a case of begging the question, but is an excuse for suggesting that a modern tragedian and romantic actor, as is Sir John Martin Harvey, might have chosen a more appropriate medium for saying farewell—that is if he must say farewell. Sir John is over seventy, but he does not appear to be, and his voice, gait, and gesture are those of a man half his age. He is also essentially a *human* actor, and these Greek characters, the sport of the gods, committing all sorts of unmentionable crimes through no fault of their own, are not human, whatever else they may be.

Œdipus, it is true, has his human moments, particularly at the end of the play, when, his eyes torn out, he gropes his way towards his two little children and bends his bleeding sockets towards them. They were a brace of plucky mites, for they did not bat an eyelid (which is, possibly, not a happy choice of phrase in the circumstances). But most of the time Œdipus is merely a ranting, arguing figure on a pedestal, and not all Sir John's genius and charm could make him anything else.

Mr. Franklin Dyall, also a fine actor, spoke the Messenger's speech bravely, but all Sophoclean messengers are bores. The Jocasta of Miss Miriam Lewes had a certain tragic nobility, and Mr. Balliol Holloway's resonant voice, undiminished in volume after competing with the drone of aeroplanes in Regent's Park, rang through the opera house splendidly. Yet he, too, had no chance for subtlety or even humanity.

The rush of the Theban crowd from stall to stage (much as I dislike any mingling of performers and spectators at any time and in any play) was an impressive episode. I must award full marks to Mr. Harvey Braban for his sort of *Sprechtgesang* in leading the greybeard chorus; indeed, I suspect that Mr. Braban had one of the most difficult tasks of all. He brilliantly avoided being ridiculous. His greybeards, on the other hand provided, by means of the odd things they did with curtain poles, the sole touch of comedy amid the encircling gloom.

And now, please, Sir John, a season of *Hamlet* or *The Breed of the Treshams*. And not necessarily a "farewell" season.

GOOD TROUPER: Florence Desmond giving a caricature of a leading lady in a musical comedy of 1900; one of the highlights of *Let's Raise the Curtain* at the Victoria Palace. Miss Desmond, whose husband, Mr. Campbell Black, was killed in a flying accident at the time when the show was being rehearsed, refused to withdraw from the cast in order not to let her colleagues down

A TREAT IN STORE FOR FILM FANS: Elisabeth Bergner in the Max Schach picture, *Dreaming Lips*, which is being directed by her husband, Paul Czinner, and will shortly be seen in the West End. Miss Bergner also appeared in the original German version which had a great success in London some time back

"The Night of January 16th."—It is not a bad idea in a murder-trial play (or in any play, for that matter) to make the audience do part of the work. For one thing, they don't need to be paid;

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My Song of Love," in which, as depicted on left, a series of grand pianos was swung into vision by the circular stage. A gasp of appreciation went round the theatre on the first night when this scene rolled into view. Curtains were again employed in "Finding You, Losing You," where, as depicted above, Miss Etting appeared as the moon, wearing a silver halo

"THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS": One of the open-air settings in the Hollywood screen version of Fenimore Cooper's classic tale which had its première at the London Pavilion a few days ago. The stirring story has been abridged and its adventures revised with a view to giving it an adult as well as a juvenile appeal

GRANBY STREET, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, as high seas, lashed by the hurricane winds, flooded the town and drove the people from their homes. The damage here was not very great

ON THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION: Wrecked pleasure boats near the smashed jetty at Wildwood, New Jersey, after the hurricane had passed on its devastating northward way

HAMMERED BY THE FURY OF THE STORM: The weather-board, seaside home of Mr. Oswald Milligan, a Philadelphia attorney, overturned at Cape May, New Jersey coast

PLAYTHING OF WIND AND WAVE: The yacht *Turlew* which was washed ashore at Marblehead, Mass., a rent in her bows being made when she hit the rocks. One of numerous pleasure craft destroyed in the hurricane

HURRICANE WARNING

How the Wireless and the Press Played Their Parts in Minimising the Recent Disaster in the United States

"YOU are instructed to leave at once for higher ground. Do not try to save your homes or household possessions, but go at once; or you may pay for it with your lives!"

This warning was broadcast by loudspeakers from planes flying up and down the Atlantic coast of the United States for several days prior to the recent hurricane. Special attention was devoted to the low-lying shore between Norfolk, Virginia, and Edenton, North Carolina, where the blast struck with its greatest fury. Probably never before was a population so well prepared by its Government to meet a disaster.

The total property damage is estimated at 6,000,000 dollars and more. The number of lives lost is believed to be not fewer than nineteen, with many people still missing. At Edenton one negro is known to have drowned, and at this writing fifty-nine of his companions on two WPA barges are somewhere adrift off the Carolina coast. Thirty-five members of the crew of the ship, *Long Island*, which foundered off the Delaware coast, who were believed lost, have been found safe aboard a barge behind the breakwater at Lewes, Del. States swept by the hurricane include North Carolina, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. Connecticut escaped entirely.

This is the fourth great disaster that has afflicted the United States since last March. First the flood, then the tornado, then the heat and drought, and now . . . this hurricane. It struck the mainland for the first time at Cape Hatteras, commonly known as "the graveyard of the Atlantic," on September 18, the tenth anniversary of the hurricane of 1926 which struck Miami, Florida, and destroyed its fantastic real estate boom.

Originating to the east of the Windward Islands, the birthplace of hurricanes, it rushed north in what appeared to be a direct attack on Bermuda, at the last minute it veered to the north-west, missing that island, and then turned sharply to the west, continuing until it reached Hatteras.

During this time, the hurricane had been travelling at the rate of from eight to fifteen miles an hour. Simultaneously, from the middle of the United States, a cold, high-pressure area had been moving eastward at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. It reached the coast in time, at least to reduce the damage and death to a startling minimum, when one reflects that this was one of the worst hurricanes ever recorded by the United States weather bureau. At Hatteras, the low-pressure area stopped the hurricane, sent it hurtling northward along the coast line. By the time it reached New York City it had been forced out to Montauk Point, 150 miles east of the city, and it struck Rhode Island at Point Judith, missing Connecticut entirely. Finally it rushed between the mainland of Massachusetts and the island of Nantucket, to spend itself in the Atlantic. A total of 1,000 miles of coastline had been affected.

A small army of aeroplanes, 3,000 coastguardsmen, the Red Cross, and a horde of W.P.A. workers were in action. Private airlines sent planes to get behind the storm, follow it, locate the worst spots, and to inform Red Cross units where they were and by what route to reach them.

The country had ten days' warning of the hurricane. It was spotted by a ship on September 8, and from that time on the U.S. weather bureau kept the public informed through the press and three times daily by radio.

Several days before the hurricane reached the coast, the Red Cross had set up relief stations at strategic points.

Most of the known damage was done to small craft, flimsy "beach" construction, and automobiles; but railroads were washed out, telephone and telegraph lines were cut, bridges were down. The highest velocity reached by the wind was 100 miles per hour. This was at Newport News, Virginia. It was a velocity, however, of brief duration.

With the national election set for November 3, there are apparently only five more things the United States could have this year: a fire, an earthquake, a volcano, a war, or a revolution.

Highlights of the hurricane include:

A 9 ft. wall of water passed over the whole of Ocracoke Island, N.C., 20 miles off the mainland. At its highest point the island is only 5 ft. above sea level, and it is inhabited by 400 people. The entire population was saved when it took refuge in a lighthouse built in 1798.

The famous Board Walk at Atlantic City, New Jersey, was badly damaged; 250 ft. of the railing of the 300-ft. Board Walk at Cape May, N.J., was washed away. The house of Mayor Harry Mantzer of South Cape May was washed into the sea.

The streets of Norfolk, Virginia, were flooded to a depth of 3 ft., and row boats were in common use; but local authorities said that the damage would be comparatively light.

Several ocean liners that set out from New York turned back, anchored in Gravesend Bay.

Houses were swept out to sea at Asbury Park, New Jersey, a resort sponsored by the Methodist church.

Ocean City, Maryland, was cut off from the mainland by a huge wall of water. At another point in Maryland the water was blown so far out that fishermen took advantage of the situation to harvest oysters in bushel baskets.

At Camden, N.J., the launching of the U.S. destroyer *Winslow* was postponed.

The *Monarch of Bermuda*, with 600 passengers aboard, delayed its sailing from Hamilton for New York for more than twelve hours, only to find itself in the grip of heavy seas that grew steadily worse.

The Chesapeake lightship, which broke loose from its moorings nine miles off Cape Henry, Va., was eventually saved by the coastguard cutter *Sebago*. Numerous ships went aground. Many more were sending out distress signals. Expensive yachts turned on their sides in harbours from which the wind had driven practically all of the water.

The naval radio station at Hatteras was flooded, but the whole country breathed more freely after the hurricane struck Hatteras. It was due at midnight on the eighteenth, which was high tide, and everyone was expecting the darkest tragedy of the greatest proportions. The storm arrived considerably before midnight, was stopped by the advancing high-pressure area, only its edge raked Hatteras, a region haunted by the ghosts of drowned sailors and fisherfolk. The country is still pondering why the 80-mile wind did not do greater damage.

The most impressive story of heroism comes from the New York City area. From a small island in Long Neck Channel, off the East Rockaway Inlet, near Island Park, Arthur B. Kent, sixty years, managed to row a boat to the mainland in search of coastguards to rescue three women marooned on the island with him. Kent performed this feat while upward of fifty boats, including a 64-ft. launch, were being blown from their moorings. The women were Mrs. Kent, Miss Louise Ritzler, a friend of the Kents, who is blind, aged fifty, and Mrs. E. W. Diettrich, aged sixty.

At least one man in New York harbour could not be annoyed with such a small detail as a hurricane. He was Charles Fischer, and his cabin fishing boat was anchored near the Statue of Liberty. He had been aboard the craft for three days. His wife, who became alarmed, succeeded in signalling the coastguard for help. Coastguardsmen came aboard and succeeded in waking Fischer with some difficulty. When he learned what the trouble was he merely said, "Let 'er blow!", turned over, and resumed his sleep.

Nelson Springer

THE ATLANTIC COAST SWEPT FROM CAPE HATTERAS TO MAINE: A sketch map showing the path of the recent hurricane, one of the worst ever recorded by the United States Weather Bureau

WHEN RICHMOND'S DEER ARE DANGEROUS

And Other Pictures of Zoological Interest

BREEDING TIME: Reading one of the notices in Richmond Park warning people that the deer are dangerous during October, and must not be approached or fed. On numerous occasions in the past people have been attacked, and now every possible precaution is being taken by the Park authorities

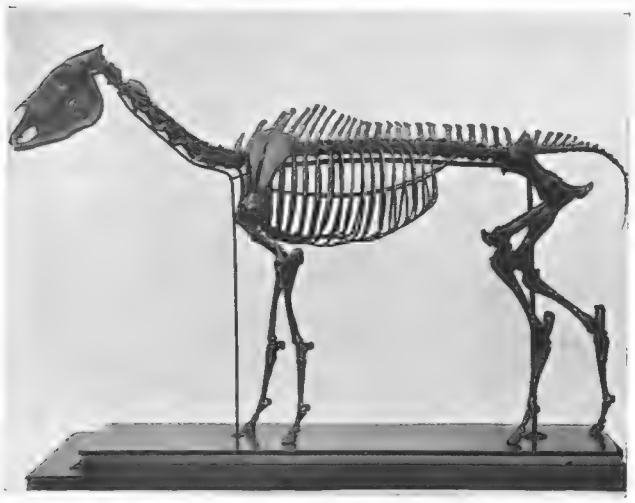
CALLING THROUGH THE WOODLAND TO ITS MATE: A stag letting forth the familiar full-throated bellow that is heard so repeatedly in Richmond Park during the breeding season, and *(below)*, another male sharpening its great antlers against a tree in anticipation of a combat with a rival. In fighting the projecting brow-tines form most effective weapons

SEXTUPLETS: Nome, a Siberian husky, which accompanied Admiral Byrd to the Antarctic, with the six offspring born to her at the Texas Centennial Fair, where she has been on exhibition. The father is a four-year-old Labrador, and five of the pups are black and white. The brindle is called Anthony Adverse

A RIVAL TO JUBILEE: June takes a look round *(above)* after her afternoon nap *(right)* under the watchful eye of her mother, Sally. June, who was born about eight weeks ago, has the distinction of being the second chimpanzee ever to be born at the London Zoo. She weighed 3 lb. at birth and, as a result of Sally's unceasing care, is fast growing into a fine specimen of her kind. She has received hosts of presents from admiring visitors to Regent's Park

HAPPY HUNTING GROUND OF THE BIOLOGIST: The tar pits of Rancho La Brea, Los Angeles, which have yielded up such a number and variety of human and animal skeletons, providing scientists with a mass of material to aid them in their researches into life in prehistoric times. *Left*—One of the pits as it looked in 1912 before scientific societies began their excavations and before intensive building development had taken place there. *Above*—The so-called "bottomless pit"

THE GREAT GROUND SLOTH OF RANCHO LA BREA: One of the most remarkable of the prehistoric animals whose bones have been found in the pits. It was evidently infinitely superior in strength to its descendant, the arboreal sloth of South America



SKELETON OF AN EXTINCT WESTERN HORSE pieced together after discovery in the 200,000-year-old deposits at Rancho La Brea and now in Los Angeles Museum. Its existence in America at such an early date opens up a world of possibilities

AN INTRICATE JUMBLE OF BONES AFTER BEING UNCOVERED IN THE PITS: The task of sorting them out and then reconstructing the skeletons has demanded the exercise of vast scientific knowledge, unlimited patience, and not a little imagination

A DEATH TRAP OF THE AGES

The Tar Pits of Rancho La Brea where the Bones of Prehistoric Men and Animals Have Been Preserved Through the Centuries

THE tar pits of Rancho la Brea are situated on the western side of Los Angeles, and are now in the heart of a well-developed urban area.

The pits were discovered by the Spaniards in the eighteenth century, who regarded them as nothing more than swamps of oil and water, although sometimes debating whether the tarry substance that oozed out of the ground had caused the earthquakes that occasionally shook Southern California.

Actually they were on the right track, for the tar was shot through the bowels of the earth by the force of subterranean explosions. Sweeping through cracks and holes it reached the surface of the earth, forming great bubbles and lakes which made a cruel, relentless death-trap that caught and held prehistoric animals in its grip, and at the same time acted as a natural preservative for their bones.

The Spaniards said the pits stank.

The Indians considered them with superstitious fear.

The first Southern Californian settlers used the tar to roof their houses, thereby making them water-proof, but unfortunately much hotter, because the tar absorbed the sun's rays.

The first owner of Rancho la Brea saw it as a source of revenue. He dug the asphalt and sold it to repair streets.

Along with the tar he probably excavated 100,000 bones of odd sizes and kinds. He could not imagine what they were. He only knew that he could not get an Indian or a negro to go near the pits. Only Chinamen.

One day a biologist picked up the tooth of a sabre-tooth tiger at the Rancho. He became very excited about the tooth and the possibilities of the pits. Palæontology was almost unknown then, few people were interested in the history of bones. The biologist died before the pits became of such extraordinary value.

A hundred and sixty-seven years passed before scientists interested themselves in the pits. Then every conceivable person who could claim an initial after his name went into an orgy of excavation under the direction of the Los Angeles Museum.

For three years scientists dug out the tar. Their shoes and trousers were soaked with the oil, becoming waterproof and so hard that they could not be worn out. They smeared their hands and faces with the sticky oil in the name of science.

Three million bones of prehistoric animals were recovered, including 5,000 separate species. The almost complete skeleton of an unknown bird with a wing spread of more than 12 ft. was brought to light. This was the teteronius, capable of manhandling several human beings, a bird so large it might have been the roc of Sinbad the sailor.

Vultures of amazing size, condors, mastodons, elephants, sloths, and carnivores of all kinds were found there.

The lion looked exactly like his cousin who lives in the African jungles to-day, but twice as large. He must have been so powerful that a blow of his paw could have felled a good-sized tree. The impact of his heavy body could have demolished a modern house.

The skull of an Indian woman was another remarkable find. A shrunken woman of middle age. Perhaps she did not believe in the superstitions of her tribe. Perhaps she deserved death and had been killed in the most dreadful manner her tribe could think of, death by suffocation in the tar pits.

With the discovery of the animals preserved in the tar at Rancho, the study of prehistoric times changed.

At last it began to be realised that the camel and the horse, once considered aboriginals of Asia and Europe, might have originated in America. A host of similar possibilities was opened up. All these skeletons were found in the 200,000-year-old deposits of the Brea pits.

The orgy of excavation turned into an orgy of debate, with every scientist disagreeing or advancing his own theories. They still do not agree, but continue to ask questions.

Nobody is sure of anything that happened in the prehistoric past. Least of all the men with letters after their names.

Did animals once thought to have originated in distant lands, really originate in America?

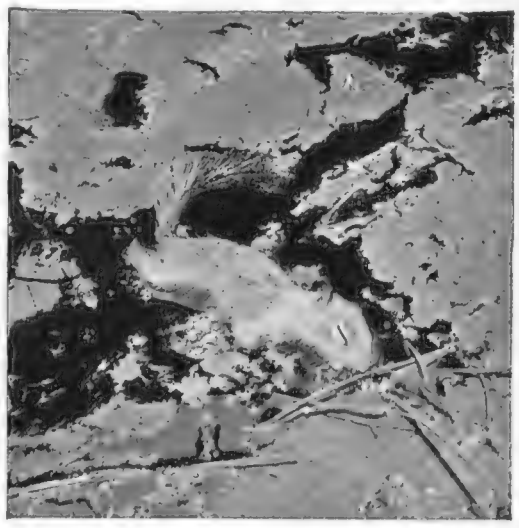
Did the men and animals of America and Europe have a common origin? If so, where? America or Europe?

Did they develop separately in different countries, bearing down through the ages a similarity that is a remarkable coincidence?

Were Europe and America once a single continent?

The questions a scientist can ask are infinite, their answers more varied and astounding than the once fantastic stories of Jules Verne.

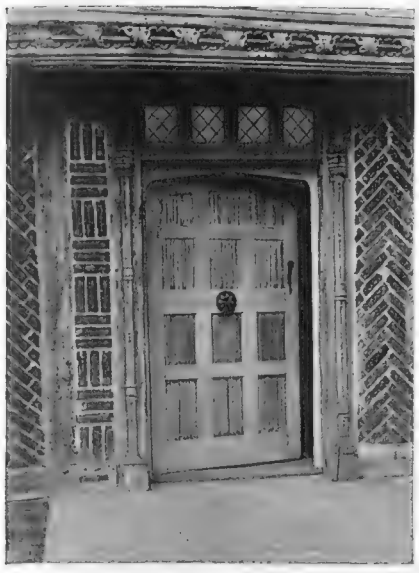
H. Britton Logan, Jnr.



CAUGHT IN THE TARRY DEATH TRAP: A squirrel pictured after being suffocated in one of the pits which it attempted to cross, deluded, like so many thousands of other creatures in times past, by the solid appearance of the surface

A HOUSE WITHIN A HOUSE

A Remarkable Find at Saffron Walden, and its Sequel Two Years Later at West Grinstead



A VICTORIAN FREAK: The beautiful doorway (*left*) was discovered, together with the complete woodwork of a Tudor residence, when the building at Saffron Walden, Essex, which is depicted on right, was being demolished about two years ago. It appears that the newer house was erected in the 70's of last century and was so designed that its walls enclosed the walls of the old house. On learning of this Sir Ralph Harwood, a member of the Royal Household, acquired the property

LOST FOR SIXTY YEARS: The timbers of the Tudor house at Saffron Walden revealed after the 19th-century exterior facing of brick and stone had been removed. It was after seeing it in this state and realising its potentialities that Sir Ralph Harwood finally decided to move the framework to West Grinstead and rebuild. This picture is reproduced here by courtesy of Mr. Chewman of Saffron Walden

TRANSFORMATION: Sir Ralph Harwood's house at West Grinstead with the ancient beams from Saffron Walden incorporated in the design. The carved wooden string course came intact from the old house

A GREAT INHERITANCE: The rose garden at Gravetye Manor, East Grinstead, the Sussex estate bequeathed to the Forestry Commission by Mr. William Robinson, the famous horticulturist, who stipulated when making his will, that the public should be admitted to the place on one day each week. The Commission is now looking for a suitable tenant who before taking the lease will have to agree to the late owner's condition. Part of the house dates from the 16th century

NATURE'S GLORIOUS FREEHAND: Gravetye's old hammer pond which adjoined the ironworks in the days of Richard Infield, the Sussex ironmaster who built the manor. When William Robinson acquired the estate in 1885 he made no attempt to lay it out in the formal fashion of the times, preferring to bring out the natural beauty of situation and contour. *Below*—A charming pine bordered lawn

THE LONG PATHWAY through the upper garden—another delightful part of Gravetye

GRAVETYE—GARDEN OF THE PEOPLE

Where the Public must be Admitted Once a Week

ONCE AN AMERICAN INDIAN'S HOME, NOW A STUDIO: This is where Edward Wolfe, the English painter, works when in Taxco, the historic Mexican city which in these days is becoming known as an artists' colony. Mr. Wolfe, who is at present holding a one-man show at the Lefevre Galleries, made the studio by knocking two rooms into one, leaving a graceful arch in between

MEXICAN DRESS: Typical examples of the art of Edward Wolfe who has made a close study of native character and costume and whose work is now attracting such attention at the Lefevre Galleries in King Street. *Left*—A girl in the frilled Tehuantepec dress and (*right*) a girl in the China Publano dress two interesting forms of festive attire that both have their origin in legend

THE ART OF EDWARD WOLFE

The national costumes of Mexico are an enthralling study and for their origin the student must look back across the centuries. The two dresses which Mr. Wolfe has made the subject of pictures, and which are reproduced above, are of particular interest. The Tehuantepec is said to have come into being when a little Spanish princess was wrecked on the shores of Mexico and was given succour by the natives. They were greatly intrigued by her dress and an adult who tried it on found that the elaborately frilled collar was too small to fit over her head, so let it remain as it was, and in doing so started a fashion that has persisted through the years. The China Publano, on the other hand, comes from the East. In this case the legend says that the dress was worn by a Chinese girl and attracted the attention of the Mexican women when she was sold into slavery in the New World.

On left—HOSSE AND LOLITA: Another study by Edward Wolfe. These people, he says, epitomise the Mexican Indian both of to-day and of hundreds of years ago

A NEW VENETIAN MUSEUM

The Ca' Rezzonico on the Grand Canal

THE BALLROOM IN THE CA' REZZONICO with its amazing trick perspective mural by Jean Mengozzi Colonna. Even when standing in the room it is hard to believe that all the columns and sculptural motifs are simply part of one flat painting reaching to the ceiling

An important new museum of eighteenth-century art has just been inaugurated in Venice. This is the Ca' Rezzonico, on the Grand Canal, not a stone's throw from the famous Academia Museum. The history of this sumptuous abode is an interesting one. Work was begun on its construction in 1667 by Baldassare Longhena who, however, never lived to see his work finished. The palace stood in a state of semi-completion until 1750, when it was acquired by Jean Baptiste Rezzonico, brother of Charles, Bishop of Padua, who in 1758 was nominated Pope Clement XIII.

The Rezzonico, an old aristocratic family, originated from the village of the same name on the Lake of Como. It was towards the end of the sixteenth century that a branch of the family first moved to Venice. Here they amassed a fortune from trading, and their name was forthwith inscribed in the Livre d'Or of the Republic in 1684. The Rezzonico ordered the architect, Giorgio Massari, to complete the building. In addition to the construction of the great stairway, a third floor was added; this was believed to have been the original plan of Longhena. The family then collected the very finest furniture, tapestries, sculpture, and *objets d'art* to decorate the interior. It is worthy of note that the Republic of Venice several times chose the Rezzonico Palace as the most suitable residence for its royal guests on account of the rare magnificence of its decoration.

It was extremely unfortunate that the Marquis Charles Pintemonte, an indirect heir to the Rezzonico, should have come into possession of the palace in 1832, for he had nearly all its contents sold by auction. From that moment the palace lost much of its former glory and passed through several hands. After the Barrett-Brownings had lived there for a number of years (Elizabeth was thrilled with Venice) it was acquired by its last private owner, Count Hirschel de Minerbi.

Owing to the general crisis, the palace was recently on the point of being put up for sale. Happily Signor Marius Alvera, the Podesta of Venice, intervened and persuaded the Town Council to preserve the building and the treasures in its fifty rooms from certain ruin; to set aside a number of rooms to house the new section of eighteenth-century Venetian art from the Correr Museum; and to reserve an apartment of honour for the use of the city on solemn occasions.

Unfortunately there remain few objects in the present museum that formerly decorated the palace. Of considerable importance, however, one may still admire two statues by Alexandre Vittoria, two magnificent chandeliers in gilded bronze and wood, two very fine ceilings (in excellent preservation) by Jean-Baptiste Tiepolo, and the amazing perspective in the great ballroom by Jean Mengozzi Colonna. Even when standing inside this room it is hard to believe that all these columns and sculptural motifs are simply one flat painting stretching right up to the curved ceiling (painted by Crosato). One can hardly conceive of a fête sumptuous enough to do justice to the magnificence of this ballroom constructed of so many different woods and painted with such a rich display of brilliant colour. The crest hanging over the drapery above the courtyard window (also a flat painting) is that of the Rezzonico family with their motto, *Si Deus pro nobis*.

(Continued on page 80)

THE THRONE ROOM at the new Venetian museum with a ceiling attributed to Jean Tiepolo and walls hung sumptuously with the original red velvet

COMPROMISE

If You Don't Want to Wear a High Hat See That Your Trimmings Soar Skyward

A top knot of black felt, with thonged ends, gives height to the snug little hat on the left. Its upturned brim and the flat part of the crown are embroidered with large silky knots, and it will sit comfortably even in a blustering autumn wind. It comes from Harrods, of Knightsbridge

Peter Clark

For very grand occasions Harrods have the shallow black velvet toque immediately above. The rolled-up brim is evenly stitched, and from the front there mounts a thrilling feather, very military in persuasion. The tiny knot on the brow is a feature of many of the new autumn caps

Masked—with a Fox that peers down at his own lithe body

A blue-eyed silver fox peers down from Schiaparelli's version of the Liberty bonnet – possibly because he hates being parted from the rest of his body, which she uses with originality on the coat. Even the legs are there, for they tie the belt which marks the slender waist line

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

The Autumn Publishing Rush Once Again in Full Swing

IN October when beech leaves are golden and scarlet, and the morning mist has a new crispness about it, book reviewers may be observed gradually disappearing behind vast and increasing piles of novels, memoirs, biographies, essays, poems, murder mysteries, and travel stories. They emerge from time to time, with whitening hair, to take in a fresh batch of books and then retire to their busy solitude. This is known as the autumn publishing rush, and it is in vigorous and lively progress at the moment.

The difficulty from a reviewer's point of view is that he genuinely wants to discuss as many books as his space allows, and to deal with them adequately. When the number of books is as great as it is this season, however, he has to choose between those two courses and I have decided, personally, to mention the ten or fifteen books that I consider really worthy of attention in this week's batch, rather than to pass over the majority in favour of a detailed review of one or two of them.

First, though this list observes no order of merit, there is Miss Marjorie Bowen's study of **WILLIAM HOGARTH: THE COCKNEY'S MIRROR** (Methuen. 16s.), a work for which Miss Bowen has been collecting knowledge for many years. As a study of character it is interesting, vivid, and observant, though the author fails to my mind in making a coherent whole from the assembled traits. The importance of the book lies in the author's reconstruction, painting by painting, and print by print, of Hogarth's story-telling. To appreciate his paintings, and the work of many of his contemporaries, it was necessary to be able to read a picture. It is nearly a lost art, but Miss Bowen revives it, and with great insight.

Mr. Julian Green's **MIDNIGHT** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), opens with a scene of such characteristic grimness that it reads almost like a good parody of his own style, and the "grey sky swept by an icy wind" does indeed forecast pretty accurately the mood of the rest of his novel. This time Mr. Green has abandoned his pictures of profound provincial *ennui*, and told a sort of melancholy and rather sinister fairy story, with a much-inhabited but cheerless country house as the background. The story wavers between the macabre and the ludicrous, and I think the latter just wins. But admirers of Mr. Green's undoubted talent will want to make that decision for themselves.

SUMMER WILL SHOW (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.) is one of the most remarkable of the recent publications. It is Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner's first novel for seven years, and in several ways it is memorable. The period chosen is 1848 and the scene for the most part, the revolutionary Paris of that time. Miss Townsend Warner's heroine, a lady from Dorset with considerable property, comes to Paris after the death of her two children to find her estranged husband and to arrange a reconciliation with him. Once there however she falls under the spell of her husband's Jewish mistress and becomes an ardent, an active revolutionary. She loses, without too much compunction, all her wealth, sings in the streets, fights at the barricades and is marched off to be executed. Only here and there is the story too much for one's credibility; in general the author sweeps her readers along unquestioning, and entrances by sheer sincerity and by the brilliance of her pictorial recording.

Miss Magdalen King-Hall goes further into the past for the subject of **MAID OF HONOUR** (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.), in which Elizabethan England and Ireland are brought to life again, and by no half-hearted pen. London, or that tiny part of it which was the Tudor court, is presented with colour and realism, and the England of great country houses and masques and banquets is its natural complement, but it is with her picture of the wild, contemporary Ireland that Miss King-Hall scores her chief triumph. The author may not be the greatest admirer of the Irish, but she has devoted the most successful part of her book to their feuds and ferocities and has made up, in the vigour of her story, what the characters lack in purpose.

DEATHBLOW HILL (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is the newest adventure of that laconic but efficient Cape Cod detective, Mr. Asey Mayo. Inevitably (and I should be the first to protest if it were not so) he gets his man or his woman, and Miss Phœbe Atwood Taylor gets the credit for another first-class combination of action, excitement, mystery, and humour. Writing good detective stories is becoming quite a habit with Miss Taylor, and since there are few of her calibre let us encourage her to write them as hard as she can.

SIR EDMUND BERRY GODFREY

This seventeenth-century English politician is the subject of a new biography by John Dickson Carr entitled "The Murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey" (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.). It was before him on September 6, 1678, that Titus Oates first swore the particulars of the notorious Popish "plot," and on October 12 of the same year Sir Edmund, "the master of a dangerous secret," was done to death. To this day the crime remains a mystery, and in his book, which is the second to be published on the subject, Mr. Carr, who is well known for his modern detective stories, presents all the evidence before weighing it up and giving his own solution

By VERNON FANE

DIAMONDS AND DUST (John Murray. 10s. 6d.) is by the Baron Jean Pellenc, and purports to be a view of modern India through French eyes. Dr. Axel Munthe has commended it to our notice in enthusiastic words, and his opinions are worthy of our respect, if not of our immediate agreement. Actually the interest of this book will lie, to most of us, in the freshness of its point of view, and in the detached not unkindly criticism with which a Frenchman surveys British Imperialism. India, M. Pellenc likens to a girl whom an Englishman has won without courtship, and whom he has never married. Time, a great deal of trouble, and vast sums of money have been spent on her, but the whole relationship has always lacked the essential force of love and affection. A pretty metaphor, and as the author says, "India through French eyes."

The publishers of **SOUTH TO SAMARKAND** (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.) are at pains to emphasise that Miss Ethel Mannin's record of her journey is "not just one more book about Russia." Her companion, Miss Donia Nachshen, made some pictures and also took some photographs, but being a Communist and Miss Mannin not being a Communist, and this being Miss Mannin's book, neither the drawings nor the photographs appear. Moscow took a gloomy view of their projected journey and refused permits, but the girls went without them, and a good (if dirty and uncomfortable) time was had by all. Miss Mannin's lively pen makes it an interesting travel book, of which I am sure that the most exciting part is the author's pæan of joy on getting out of the country.

Short Reviews of Some of the More Notable Productions

Mr. Maurice Hindus is an American journalist with a first-hand knowledge of Soviet Russia, based on many years of experience. In Russia he has seen many changes from N.E.P. to Five-Year Plan, and has watched and observed first hand the people and their governors in their evolutionary throes. With the bare thread of a story running through it he has lumped all these impressions together into a novel called **UNDER MOSCOW SKIES** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.). It is all very Russian, particularly in its objective and discursive disconnectedness, and there is scarcely anything in the story which the earnest student does not already know.

WALLS HAVE MOUTHS, by Mr. W. F. R. Macartney (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), is an indictment of our prison system by a man who has served ten years' penal servitude, and has been inside Brixton, Wandsworth, Parkhurst, and Dartmoor. There is a prologue, epilogue, and a running commentary by Mr. Compton Mackenzie. There is enough material in it to provoke a public enquiry—and a public scandal if one is not instituted.

As a novelist Mr. James Barke qualifies for the top of the class in the stark-and-grim school. **MAJOR OPERATION** (Barker. 8s. 6d.) reads like the truth and the kind of truth undressed for a middle-class palate with conclusions as grim as they possibly can be. The offending city is (once more) Glasgow, and the victims conduct their struggle against awful conditions and grasping domination with a heart-rending nobility and self-sacrifice. A frankly propagandist novel, but none the worse for that, for there is a sense of life, of being, and of reality in it, as well as some humour. In fact a fine literary achievement.

On the subject of literature I am glad to welcome a new novel from that great writer Joseph Roth. **THE STORY OF THE HUNDRED DAYS** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is, as the title implies, the story of Napoleon's return from Elba, and ends with Waterloo. In effect it is a sensitive and brilliant study of Bonaparte the man, during the dramatic period of his last desperate gamble. Beautifully written, it is all such an historical piece of fiction should be, and should add yet further cubits to the literary stature of the author of *Radetzky March*.

In **THE DOCTOR** (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart has written a novel on a variation of the triangle theme. Dr. Arden had his early struggles but was young, proud, and ambitious enough to become what is called an eminent surgeon. His work, his career, form one side of the triangle; the other is his marriage to a woman for whom he feels little more than pity and affection. At the base is himself, his heart and his real love. So skilled a novelist could not go far wrong on such a theme and most women will enjoy this story.

CITY FOR CONQUEST (Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is all New York in a novel. Mr. Aben Kandel begins his story in 1907, in a period when the riverside was receiving an apparently unending flow of immigrants, and finishes it on a roaring note of the city at the height of the post-war boom. Using the cinema technique of multifarious scenes, flash-backs, and dissolves, with a central theme of the lives of some half-dozen key characters, he tells his story in the vigorous argot of his own country and, employing this technique with skill, has made an absorbing story.

That fine craftsman, Mr. Warwick Deeping, has written a war novel, **NO HERO—THIS** (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), and if anyone is tempted to put off reading it on the score that they have had enough of war books they will have missed a really fine piece of work. The modest hero is a young medical officer who serves through the Gallipoli campaign and afterwards in France, and the story is told with a restraint that adds poignancy to its theme. I take pleasure in nearly everything Mr. Deeping writes; this is certainly one of his best novels for a long time.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEOFFREY BLES.—NEW GUINEA GOLD: Cannibals and Gold Seekers in New Guinea. By Edmond Demaitre. 10s. 6d. CASE FOR THREE DETECTIVES. By Leo Bruce. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—MANY ENCHANTMENTS. By Lesley Keen Segal. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES & LOVAT DICKSON.—ONE MORE ONSLAUGHT. By Gerald Breckenridge. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—A WANDERER FROM SEA TO SEA. The Book of Maarten Matisse, a Vagabond in Search of God. 10s. 6d. MEN OF GOOD WILL (Books IX and X: The Earth Trembles). By Jules Romains. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. 10s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—BACK AGAIN. By Denis Mackail. 7s. 6d. THE PARADISE OF FOOLS: Being an account of the Expedition which covered 6,300 miles of the Libyan Desert by Motor Car in 1935. By Michael H. Mason. Illustrated. 15s. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—GOING NATIVE. By Eric Muspratt. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. CITY FOR CONQUEST. By Aben Kandel. 8s. 6d. T. WERNER LAURIE.—BEDROOM EYES. By Maurice Dekobra. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—WE WERE SEVEN. By William Fryer Harvey. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. HARRAP.—THE SEAS WERE MINE. By Captain Howard Hartman. Edited by George S. Hellman. 8s. 6d. THE UNTOLD STORY OF EXPLORATION. By Lowell Thomas. Illustrations by Kurt Wiese. 8s. 6d. JOHN MILES.—THE STREET MARKETS OF LONDON. By Mary Benedetta. Photography by L. Moholy - Nagy. 7s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER & WARBURG.—SPAIN TO-DAY: Revolution and Counter-Revolution. By Edward Conze. 3s. 6d. THE STUDIO PUBLICATIONS.—MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY, 1936-7. Edited by C. G. Holme. 5s. and 7s. 6d. MOVIE PARADE. By Paul Rotha. 10s. 6d. T. WERNER LAURIE, LTD.—A FRENCHMAN IN JAPAN. By Maurice Dekobra. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. DENT.—THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER. By Gerald Bullett. 7s. 6d.—METHUEN.—". . . AGAIN ONE DAY." By Matila C. Ghyka. Translated by Maud Bigge. 7s. 6d. SEA GOLD. By Geoffrey Rawson. 7s. 6d. ONCE YOUR ENEMY. By Heinrich Hauser. Translated from the German by Norman Gullick. 10s. 6d. HOLLAND. By Joseph E. Morris. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—BEGGAR'S HORSES. By P. C. Wren. 2s. THE MYSTERY OF PINE POINT. By Kathleen Norris. 7s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—PETER THE GREAT. By Alexei Tolstoi. Translated by Edith Bone and Emile Burns. 16s. DAYS OF CONTEMPT. By Andre Malraux. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. 6s. CHOOSE A BRIGHT MORNING. By Hillel Bernstein. 6s. THE COURT OF FAIR MAIDENS. By Wilhelm Speyer. With an Introduction by Hendrik Van Loon. 8s. 6d.

1. KNITTED SPORTS JACKET, freely fashioned to give full arm-play for Golf and Shooting. Three pockets and half-belt at the back. In grey, blue-grey, brown, or fawn with fine 'window-pane' check. 45/-

2. SPORTS PULLOVERS in fine, pure Cashmere. Waist length with long sleeves. New Crew or V-neck. Plain colours of mist blue, natural, fawn, brown, navy, or hunting yellow. 35/-

3. PULL-ON GOLF WOOLLIE for the weather-wise. Shower-proof, finely knit and fleecy inside. In grey, navy, green, brown, fawn, and blue lovat, with close fitting waist and cuffs. 30/-
Also in windproof Cotton, **10/6**

4. SLEEVELESS PULLOVERS of pure Cashmere, almost weightless, for uncertain temperatures. In navy, flannel grey, mist blue, saxe, hunting yellow, maroon, natural, or warm brown. 21/-

Those Autumn Woollies-

5. GRENFELL GOLF JACKET in the rubberless cloth that is both wind-proof and rain-proof, and so designed, with its companion over-trousers, to make Golf possible in the wildest weather.
Jacket (self-lined) 45/-
Over-trousers (self-lined) 45/-

6. ZIPP-FASTENER CARDIGAN heavy-knit in sturdy wool, with an invisible fastener in front that draws the comforting roll-back collar right up to the neck. In fawn, heather, brown, grey, navy, or tartan. 45/-

SPORTS HATS in green, brown, grey and blue mixtures. Adaptable to many styles, and can be rolled up for the pocket. 21/-

TWEED CAPS in a variety of checks, also fawn, brown, and grey Harris Tweed. 8/6 & 10/6

KNITTED SHIRT for the Sportsman; of soft texture in a fine ribbed wool. For wear with or without tie. In mist blue, brown, fawn, navy, lovat green. 14/6
Slipover to match, for extra warmth, **10/6** (long sleeves, **16/6**)

THE NEW GOLF SUITS comprise two long-awaited innovations: the new Lastex extension below the knee eliminates worrying buckles, and a safety pocket, of innocent appearance, will safeguard keys and cash, however recumbent your attitude. Ready-for-service. £4.4.0

GOLF HOSE, ankle-tailored, with reinforced heels and Lastex garter tops. In new Jacquard designs to match all this season's tweeds. All sizes to 12 ins. 10/6 & 14/6

WHITE SWEATER with your Club colours, in the popular cable stitch. Heavy-weight. 30/-

SHORTS FOR SQUASH, tailored in soap-shrunk flannel. Perfect freedom no matter how strenuous your game. 18/6

WHITE VIYELLA STOCKINGS for Squash or Tennis. Fine 5/1 rib of perfect fit. Unshrinkable. Pair 4/6

Get them at Harrods Man's Shop

SPORTY SOCKS for tweeds or flannels. Sturdy Scotch knit in smart new patterns. Fawns, lovats, greys, or browns. 6/6

FANCY SOCKS in pure wool, with a variety of new designs. Fine ribbed and close fitting. Pair 4/6, 5/6, 6/6
With the Tenova garter top. Pair **5/-, 6/6, 7/6**

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

CAR PROGRAMMES FOR 1937: Manufacturers' Plans for the Coming Show

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

FOR DARKER DAYS: Workmen painting the kerbs white on the Hastings road at Chelsfield, Kent in preparation for the coming of autumn and the fogs

AS might be expected now that we are close to the Olympia Show the number of announcements of new models for 1937 has become so great that it is quite impossible to give details of them all on this page. True, the 1937 programmes started to be published in July, but it would appear that only a few manufacturers consider this policy of ultra-early announcements a good one. The great majority prefer to make their 1937 programmes known to the public just before the Show. Each course has its advantages and so it would be foolish to say that an early announcement is better than a late one, or vice versa. Amongst the more interesting of the new models is an entirely new 9-h.p. car to be known as the Flying Standard Nine. Captain Black, the Managing Director of the Standard Motor Company, Ltd., states, "in designing this Flying Standard Nine we have combined to the fullest degree sound workmanship, modern appearance, brisk road performance, and economical running costs." The specification of the Flying Nine is more than usually interesting. To start with the chassis has a box section frame and is of cruciform construction. The engine boasts of a three-bearing crankshaft and also a cylinder head of die-cast aluminium alloy. The equipment is particularly generous for a saloon selling at under £150, including as it does Triplex safety glass in all windows, a flush-fitting sunshine roof, self-cancelling flush-fitting trafficators, easy and accessible side-jacking system, and easy-clean wheels. The car has a pleasing appearance and is a real four-seater. The makers claim that the car will reach a maximum speed of 63 m.p.h. which is certainly very commendable for a car with such a comparatively small engine. It is interesting to note that the car is equipped with a four-speed gear-box, giving synchromesh changes between second, third, and top.

The Standard range includes two more entirely new cars, a Flying Standard Ten and a Flying Standard Fourteen. The rest of the range consists of the popular Twelve (previously known as the Light-Twelve), the Big Twenty, which has been modified in detail, also alternative engines of 10 h.p., 12 h.p., and 16 h.p. are available on the Twelve, Fourteen, and Twenty respectively. The makers claim that the Flying Standards are a refutation of the argument that streamlining and comfort are things apart, in fact comfortable seating, with plenty of head and leg room, is one of the chief merits of their Flying models.

The Vauxhall programme for 1937 is one which will appeal to a very large number of motorists. All models now have independent front-wheel springing; there are new Twelve and Fourteen models to replace the famous Light Six, and then the tit-bit of the programme is the introduction of an entirely new Vauxhall known as the 25. As regards the latter, here are some interesting details. The engine has 6 cylinders with overhead valves, and it is capable of a maximum speed of 80 m.p.h. It accelerates, I am told, from rest to 50 m.p.h. in 16 seconds, whilst its cruising speed is a mile a minute. With a performance such as this it is certainly the fastest Vauxhall we have seen since the renowned 30–98. The specification is particularly comprehensive, and it is difficult to imagine anything which would add to the owner's comfort or control that has been left out. The standard saloon is a full five-seater, and besides this accommodation there is roomy built-in luggage space, which will hold two or three large suitcases. New type instruments are to be seen on the facia board, and the provision of a more positive oil-pressure warning device is a point worthy of mention. Other refinements are clutch-operated pedomatic starting, centrifugally loaded clutch, and grouped chassis lubrication. The fact that so large a car with such an intriguing performance can be bought for under £300 will make the Vauxhall factory at Luton more than usually busy during the coming season. In general the quality of Vauxhall productions for 1937 is up and prices down.

The 1937 Daimler and Lanchester programmes were recently announced. The most prominent car is an entirely new Daimler product known as the Twenty Light Limousine. This model has been developed to meet the demand for a really high-class, dignified car which, while providing an extraordinary amount of accommodation, is at the same time reasonable in price and comparatively inexpensive to run. This particular model marks the re-entry of the Daimler Company into the sphere of limousine coachbuilding after an absence of ten years. The lay-out of the chassis has been developed from the Light Straight-Eight. It gives the owner automatic chassis lubrication, built-in hydraulic jacks, and an efficient system of braking, operated by a servo motor, actuated from a vacuum reservoir tank. The engine conforms to the now standard Daimler practice of employing overhead valves, operated by push-rods. This car sells at a figure just below £800. In the Lanchester programme a new Eighteen has been announced. There are five models on this Eighteen chassis, and they range in price from £595 to £780.

Those motorists who have looked upon Daimler as the silent, stately car, will be somewhat surprised to learn that the new Daimler slogan is "As lively as a Daimler." Personally, I think the phrase is apt, for I have found from personal experience that the 3½ litre Light Straight-Eight, which is included in the 1937 programme, has an amazingly lively performance and

(Continued on page 74)

SAFETY MEASURE: A new roundabout under construction on the London–Tilbury–Southend road at Little Thorndon. It will eliminate the dangers of the crossing at this point which has been the scene of many accidents

"In 1937 I am going to the Paris Exhibition"

If anticipation is half the pleasure of participation, I am going to have that pleasure from now until next Spring, when I am going to Paris. I know I shall have a wonderful holiday there. I received a booklet from Paris lately, telling me all about this Exhibition. It's called the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts in Modern Life —and I am sure it will be one of the most interesting and delightful travel experiences of my life.

Think of it! More than forty nations have contributed exhibits—jewellery, fabrics, glassware, interior decorating—all sorts of new and beautiful things to see. There will be a Fashion Show, such as only Paris could provide, a tower covered with real snow all summer long—that's where the up-to-date freezing methods will be shown — and a special group of buildings, each representing a province of France and displaying its products and arts . . . to say nothing of the fine French restaurants, the music and the dancing . . .

But, best of all, the Exhibition is in Paris! I have always wanted to see Paris, and the fares will be so reduced during the Exhibition (from May to November) that it would be a pity not to profit by them! I even hope to take a flying trip through France, where there are so many fascinating places to see. You can have a booklet too. Ask your nearest travel, steamship or railroad agency, or write to:

COMMISSIONER GENERAL PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION 1937 **35, Rue St. Didier, Paris, France**

PARIS 1937

CONTINUATIONS

CAR PROGRAMMES FOR 1937

(*Continued from page 72*)

will do a genuine 90 m.p.h. The lowest priced car in the Daimler-Lanchester range is the 11-h.p. four-cylinder Lanchester which sells at £298. Whilst writing about Daimlers I would like to add that the Company has again been privileged by Royal Command to supply a new Daimler car for her Majesty Queen Mary.

Up to now I have been writing about the 1937 programmes of existing manufacturers, but I have received details of an entirely new car produced by an entirely new company. The name of the car is the Autovia and it is made by Autovia Cars Limited, a company which seems to have a certain amount of Riley flavour about it, judging by the names of the Directors and General Manager. With Mr. Victor Riley on the Board and Mr. S. Gordon Marshall as General Manager the new company and its products are absolutely certain of success. The new car is entirely British, it is being made in Coventry, and its specification includes a high-efficiency overhead valve V8 engine, rated at 24 h.p. That power unit alone is enough to ensure that the car will receive more than the usual amount of attention. The gear-box is of the pre-selective type, working in conjunction with an automatic clutch. The back-axle is worm-driven thus giving the rear passengers a low-seating position combined with generous head-room. Two models are available, a five-passenger saloon and a seven-seater limousine, both of which are priced at just under £1,000. The car, I am informed, is now in production.

At Olympia we shall no doubt see many examples of four-door and two-door saloons and I expect most people would be very surprised if they were to see a three-door saloon. Yet I have received photographs from a correspondent giving me an excellent view of such a body mounted on a Singer Bantam. It goes without saying that a three-door saloon is something quite out of the ordinary but I am not certain that it has not some commendable features. After all, the rear passengers as well as the occupant of the seat beside the driver usually get into the car from the near side and, therefore, in order to make this operation as simple as possible two doors are provided for them. The driver, of course, desires to place himself in his seat from the off-side and so he is given but one door for that purpose. In actual fact, the door on the off-side is wider than either of those on the opposite side and actually gives access to the rear seats, but my own view is that this single door could very well be the same size as the other two and just be of service to the driver alone.

As in previous years, an exhibition of Ford products, and a spectacular show illustrating the many activities of the Ford organisation, is to be held by the Ford Motor Co. Ltd., in October. The Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, London, W., has again been reserved for the event, and the exhibition will be held from October 15 to 24 inclusive. In addition to scores of exhibits by the company, including the latest passenger cars, commercial vehicles, tractors, and other products, considerable space will be occupied by manufacturers of special bodies, and equipment and accessories for use with Ford products. The company states that most of the space available for "outside" exhibitors has already been let, and anyone requiring space should make application immediately. The Ford exhibition has established a reputation for brightness and novelty, which have made it a popular success, and this year a number of special attractions are being arranged. A highly original musical programme will be a feature, and striking lighting effects will be used.

THE WORLD OF WITCHCRAFT

(*Continued from page 50*)

cried aloud that the soul of Pako had returned, ordering that all the whites be cast into the sea. So dangerous did the situation develop that the Government went to the length of spectacularly burning Pako's house and arresting a hundred of the leaders.

Father O'Reilly definitely traced the outbreak to wild confusion in the native's mind caused by a collision of their recent paganism and religious and economic problems created by the Europeans' arrival.

It was towards the close of the Congress that Father Mommens, of the Roman Gregorian University, startled the assembly by asserting that if sorcery was spreading among the semi-civilised natives of Africa, they had only to look to the introduction of occultism into Africa by whites.

Two final reports, from French Equatorial Africa and New Guinea, lent notes of resolve but also of fitting modesty. Sorcery had absolutely to be destroyed, wrote Père Auzanneau. But intelligently, not forcibly; in the name of health, peace, and education. And something else had to be reared in its stead: free labour, artisanship, and peasant-ownership among the natives.

Speaking of the Kei Isles, New Guinea, a last speaker laid down that trickery alone did not explain some of the extraordinary things to which eye-witnesses could bear testimony. Was there diabolic intervention? Psychic influences indubitably played a big part, but one could only accept diabolism after having exhausted every other conceivable explanation.

WHEN FRANCO WINS

(*Continued from page 56*)

a further reason, incidentally, for the impossibility of the insurgents irritating this country by handing over any of their territory to other countries. No doubt the City will not subscribe to any large extent unless it is satisfied with the genuine desire for peace in Spain, and readiness among the general Spanish public to get to work once more.

One of the chief tragedies of the civil war has been the undoing of so much of the positive constructive work instituted in the past few years. There was no doubt that a real national revival was on its way before the Popular Front Government got into power, and through its bad Socialist technique reduced the country to a point where hysteria was inevitable. Spain, in fact, can be described as an influenza patient which caught pneumonia. To people like Lord Beaverbrook and others who believe in the isolating of this country from the Continent, it must be a pleasant thought that Great Britain is exceedingly unpopular on both sides. The reds claim that we could have prevented Portugal from becoming the headquarters of the rebels. The rebels, on the other hand, say that they have been gravely disappointed by the refusal of the Englishman, despite his respect for legal government, to give the enthusiastic support which Germany and France afforded. Germany is even more popular than Italy with the rebels. This, however, I am told, will not affect the future policy of the future Government. Spain is economically bound to England. (The Spaniards say that England is economically bound to Spain, but that is by the way).

And now we come to one of the gravest difficulties with which the recovery of Spain will be faced. That is the wholesale confiscation and suppression or destruction of all the documents, shares, and other valuable papers in the hands of the banks in the towns which they occupied. There are large tracts of Spain where nobody knows, or at any rate where nobody can prove, what they own or owned. How this difficulty is going to be overcome I cannot imagine.

One thing is certain: it is going to be remarkably difficult for those who preach the culture of Spain in foreign countries to gloss over the horrors of the civil war. They will be able to point out, of course, that the siege of Toledo has proved that the Spaniard is as brave as he was in medieval times, while the heroism of the assistant director of the Prado Museum in Madrid in protecting the treasures from the mob is also true to tradition. All the same, I should be very much interested to hear the lectures this autumn at King's College in the Strand, delivered by Don Antonio Pastor, the present Professor of Spanish Literature in the University of London. I imagine that his theme will have to be something about eternal Spain.

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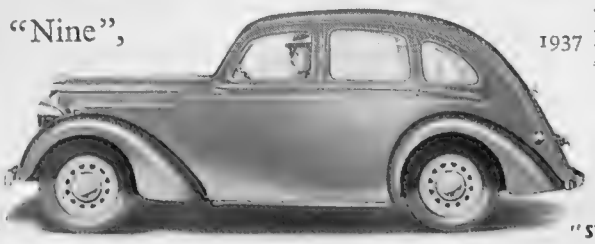

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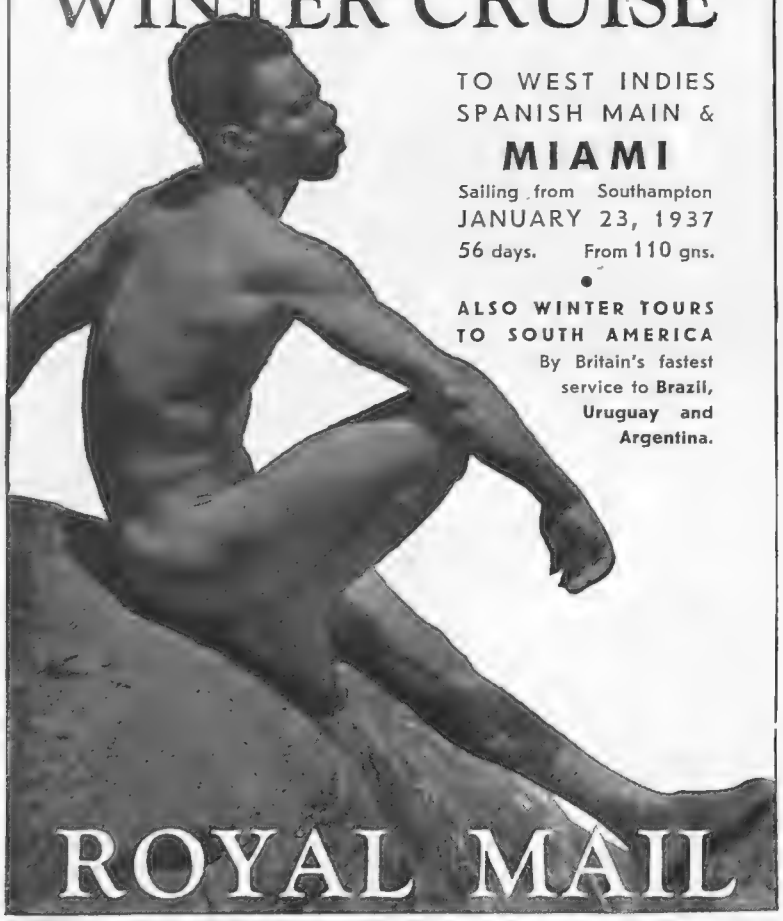

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THE FRANC *and the* RIVIERA

The Recent Currency Devaluation Measure Places the Southern Resorts in a Happier Position than Ever

AFTER a prosperous summer season, the Riviera resorts are in the happy position of being able to look forward, with relative certainty, to an even more prosperous winter one. For nobody down there believes very strongly in the imminence of that alleged revolution which the rumour mongers were busy with a few weeks ago, and of which, since it signally failed to materialise in any shape or form on the date predicted for it, a good deal less is now being heard.

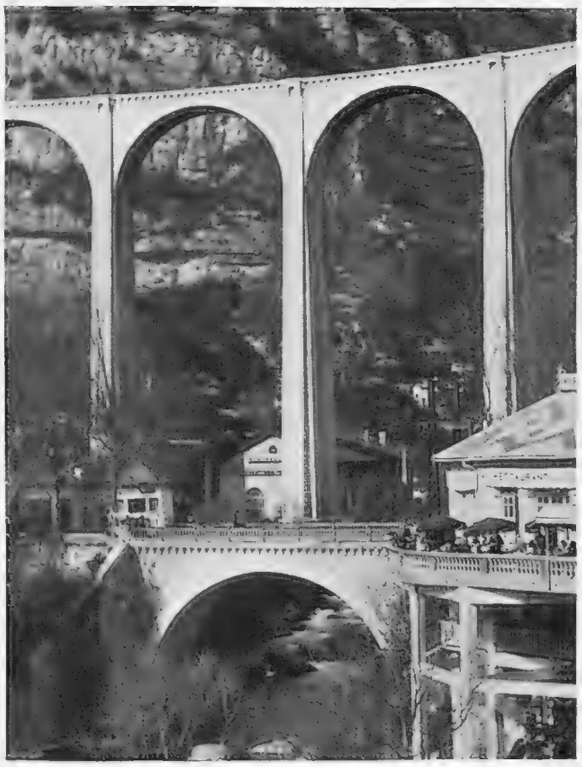
The re-alignment of the franc with sterling, moreover, is going to make a big difference all round. How desperately tired French hoteliers must have become during the past four years of hearing their would-be English clients bewail the fall of sterling and the consequent prohibitive expensiveness of everything French. The hoteliers did their best to tempt them over. Prices were brought down to a level where they showed the barest minimum of profit; hotels which were already pretty comfortable were made luxuriously so. Everything that could be done was done to embellish the resorts themselves (though that was rather a case of gilding the lily), to improve the roads (it may be remembered that early this year we described in these columns something of the vast scheme of road development that is at present in progress along the eastern end of the Riviera), and to increase the facilities for getting there (railway fares were made to look much more palatable). In the course of time these efforts bore fruit, and most of the people who had been frightened off in 1931 were back again by 1935. But for all that there is bound to be an extra rush this year.

It is therefore a good moment, perhaps to conduct a brief tour of inspection over the main Riviera resorts, because each of them has its own individual character, and nothing could be more disappointing than arranging to stop in one and then wishing you had decided on another. There are all sorts of considerations to be taken into account; whether you are going for a long stay or a short one, whether you prefer large or small places, whether you want a quiet life or a gay one.

THE LITTLE PORT OF MONACO with Monte Carlo Casino in the background

Starting at the eastern end, the first place is Menton, quite close to the Franco-Italian frontier station of Ventimiglia. Here the mountains do not come down sheer to the sea, but lie back a little, in the shape of an amphitheatre. The lower slopes are rich in lemon groves—those lovely trees, which when the fruit is ripening (it does so very early in the year) seem to fill the landscape with a kind of golden light. There is an old town and a new town; the old town picturesque in an Italian way, its tall and narrow houses almost piled up on top of one another from the palm-fringed quayside; the new town, gleaming white amidst the luscious green of its gardens, well ordered, leisurely, partaking both of the elegance of a much larger place and the intimacy of a much smaller one. Menton used to be regarded as rather old fashioned (it had a Victorian heyday and was much loved by the Empress Eugénie), but no longer is so now, and the Promenade du Midi always attracts a fashionable crowd on those fine, mellow winter mornings which are the Riviera's particular joy. Menton may be recommended for a long stay; it is fairly quiet, without ever for a moment being dull, and in close enough proximity to its gayer neighbours to safeguard one from even the threat of being bored.

MAGNET OF MONTE CARLO: The casino building floodlit on a festive occasion



GORGE DU LOUP: A place of great scenic interest which can be reached easily in a day trip from Monte Carlo or Nice

The next place of note, to the west, is Monte Carlo itself, and of this it is difficult to write without using superlatives which through long repetition have become more or less meaningless. But there is something about Monte Carlo which makes it different from anywhere else in the world—some peculiar vibrancy in the atmosphere, if you will, which seems to increase one's whole tempo of living. Many people who have the leisure, after going there two or three times for holidays, take a flat or villa and keep it as a permanent *pied-à-terre*. Others, again, make one of its comfortable hotels (there is a wide range of them, and they have accommodation to offer at a wide range of prices) their regular winter quarters year after year; and others still snatch a happy fortnight there for the first time and return home, only living until they can snatch another one. Monte Carlo, in short, is one of those fortunate places which manages to be all things to all men. The winter season opens officially just before Christmas and goes on until Easter, rising to a peak of gaiety at about the beginning of February. There are tennis tournaments, golf tournaments, there are operas, plays, the most brilliant concerts, there are dancing, cabaret, gambling, and all in an incomparably attractive setting.

The road now leads past Cap d'Ail (good scenery), Beaulieu (near where the Duke of Connaught used to have his villa), Villefranche (where the French navy from time to time forgathers) to Nice. Nice, as well as being a large and fine winter resort, is also a large and important city, with a busy commercial life of its own and even its own university. Actually, it is the seventh largest city in the whole of France, and has quite a substantial resident English population. The closeness of its association with English people, who for many years past have shown a great predilection for its charms, is attested by the name of its famous promenade, the Promenade des Anglais, which is one of the finest sea fronts to be found anywhere in Europe.

Westward once more, past Antibes and Juan-les-Pins is Cannes, very lovely, very smart, much favoured by Scandinavian royalties, famous above all other places for its brilliant annual regatta. The Croisette is where the *beau monde* gathers of a morning to take the air and look at one another's clothes, and it is all very pleasant and urbane. Cannes, incidentally, is at the opposite side of a bay to one of the most lovely districts in the whole of the south of France—the Estérels, which offers an easy "get away" from the toils of civilisation into the quietude and simplicity of rustic French life.

With St. Raphael and Ste. Maxine the "Riviera proper" (as it is called, I do not know why) comes to an end, except for one more place, Hyères, which is near Toulon and has a large number of palm trees and hotels and two eighteen-hole golf courses. The smaller resorts along this part of the coast we dealt with only recently, and there is no need to come back to them again now. In conclusion, however, it may be said that the coast from Marseilles to Ventimiglia provides every opportunity for a good winter holiday, whether long or short, of whatever kind one's particular taste in these matters may dictate.

Richard Nowell

UMBRELLA PINES along the foreshore at Juan-les-Pins, most aptly named of French resorts

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Brimpton Grange Provides on the Oxfor

MOTORING last week by chance along the Oxford – Wycombe road the prospect of dinner presented itself in the inviting form of Brimpton Grange. Almost before the car had finished crackling up the drive a smart young porter had appeared from nowhere and opened the door. Item of welcome number one!

A wash, and a drink in the cheerful little lounge—a few weeks later and a log fire will be crackling a welcome—while my mind speculated on the joys of dinner. What joys! A soup *paysanne*, cold salmon, roast partridge, a delicious sweet, and herring roes on toast. Item of welcome number two!

The wine list did its share as well. Apart from a good selection of old friends' names like Lafite, Carbonnieux, Nuits St. Georges, and Montrachet made a welcome appearance.

It was obviously high time to meet the owner and manager of this enterprising hotel. One soon understood why everything was running to perfection. Its owner was an enthusiast, with that kind of enthusiasm which reminds one of Arnold Bennett's fine novel, *Imperial Palace*. I was conducted down a flight of stone steps to a study. A large desk, telephones, rows of files with intriguing titles like statistics, publicity, estimates, staff, and so on. On the walls graphs showing the course of business analysed into constituent parts. I was glad to notice that all the graphs are going up!

Big attractions have lately taken place in every way at Brimpton Grange. A very charming old-world hotel with 18-in. stone walls, delightful gardens, and lawns has come to light with all the amenities of an establishment ten times its size. The gardens are lovely. Long grass walks between herbaceous borders, a rose garden, a sunk garden, and stretches of lawn quiescent under somnolent trees. At the back a well-ordered vegetable garden; the hotel has supplied all its own vegetables this year. An excellent green hard tennis court, flat as a billiard table, with a view on one side of the Chilterns and on the other of the Cotswolds.

Then there is the barn (date about 1750), now a very attractive lounge, with a fine open fireplace and genuine pale old beams. An excellent dance floor provides opportunity for a regular series of dances being held.

Throughout the hotel you feel that a great deal of thought and good taste has been spent on the furniture and decorations. The bedrooms are all equipped with the most luxurious beds; the visitors are always trying to buy them from the proprietor! The covers—an unusual individual touch—consist of old silk brocades. Warm carpets, pale blue basins with running water, controllable central heating, a small writing-table with postcards and

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Brimpton Grange stands high up above sea level. The air is so bracing compared with that of Oxford, nine miles away, that the proprietor anxiously watches his graphs being reflected by the appetites of his visitors!

There are seven golf courses within easy motoring range, though none of them is actually on the spot. Tennis is free to residents. Very good riding is available, also beagling. Brimpton Grange also makes an ideal motoring centre, as it is within sight of the Chilterns and the Cotswolds, with Oxford in the offing, Stratford and the Shakespeare country a little farther afield, Marlow, Henley, and Maidenhead within three-quarters of an hour's run.

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Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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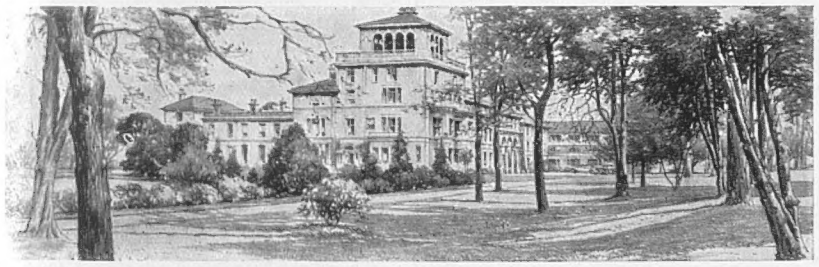

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A NEW VENETIAN MUSEUM

(Continued from page 68)

Tiepolo was commissioned, in 1753, to paint the ceiling of the room on the first floor, between the Grand Canal and the Rio de Saint-Barnabe, in honour of Quintilien Rezzonico, the poet. Five years later he painted the ceiling of the Chapel Room, on the occasion of the marriage of Ludovic Rezzonico and Faustine Savorgnan. There are four other magnificent ceilings in rooms on the first floor; two of these are heavily ornamented with gilded, carved wood panels supporting paintings originating from the Nani Palace at Cannaregio; a third comes from the Correr Museum; while the fourth is the superb painting, "Strength and Wisdom," by Tiepolo, originally commissioned by Pierre Barbarigo for his palace and later acquired for the Dona Rose collection.

The most richly decorated of the rooms is the Throne Room. The walls are hung with old red velvet and the curtains are woven in heavy red and yellow silk with gold thread. The tables and chairs are elaborately carved with gilded scroll pattern motifs. They are the work of Antoine Corradini, who also carved the extraordinary gilt frame supporting the portrait of Pierre Barbarigo by Bernard Castelli. The finely painted ceiling is supposed to be by Tiepolo.

Unfortunately space does not permit me to give details of the other sumptuously decorated rooms on this floor. Delicate pastels by Rosalba Carriera, paintings by Longhi and Venetian scenes by Guardi and Canaletto are hung on the walls of these rooms and those on the second floor.

A series of small rooms on the second floor has been given over to the reconstitution of the Tiepolo villa at Zianigo, with the admirable frescoes by Jean-Dominique Tiepolo, son of Jean-Baptiste. These much-prized frescoes had been taken by a collector to France, but the Correr Museum succeeded in buying them back in 1904. The famous "New World" fresco and the amusing "Polichinelles," the grotesque "Satyres," and the gaily-coloured "Promenade" series have now been all most carefully replaced on the walls of the Rezzonico Museum in frames faithfully copied from the originals.

Apart from the furniture, sculpture, porcelain, bronzes, and large collection of paintings and drawings by Tiepolo, Guardi, and Longhi that have been brought from the Correr Museum and arranged on the third floor of the Rezzonico Palace, a unique set of costumes, a complete marionette theatre, and the celebrated pharmacy of Saint Stin have also been installed. The pharmacy has been diligently arranged in its true aspect with its original woodwork, jars, retorts, and 300 pots in ceramic.

No building could have been better suited, no museum could have been more ably arranged, to house the treasures of eighteenth-century Venetian art than the Rezzonico Palace. Here we are shown a most faithful reproduction of the luxurious setting in which the Venetian patricians lived during the last centuries of the glorious Republic of Saint Mark. Signor Nino Barbantini, the curator, is to be congratulated on having organised the museum with exceptional taste and artistry.

Alexander Watt

IN THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE: Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Matthew Best, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, America and West Indies Station, recently paid a visit to Hollywood when cruising down the Pacific Coast and is seen here with Virginia Field and Madeleine Carroll (right). They are standing on a companion ladder on the model of Nelson's *Victory* which has been built in the 20th-Century Fox studios for the picture *Lloyd's of London*

DRAMA *(Continued from page 63)*

quite the reverse. They do not refuse to appear an hour before the curtain is due to rise on the play's first night. There is no argument about cheques. Why not go one further and place an instrument of some kind in the hands of sundry members of the audience as they file into the stalls and ask 'em to play it? This would dispense with a professional band, who are awfully keen on being paid (as W. S. Gilbert said, "How like a band.")

In *The Night of January 16th* at the Phœnix, the audience are supposed to decide the guilt or innocence of the accused in the murder trial which occupies the whole of the play. In addition, there is on the stage an amateur (and therefore unpaid) jury, composed, at the *première*, of a choice dozen of celebrities and near-celebrities. The result was that the accused—a woman who was alleged to have murdered an unscrupulous financier, whose secretary (and mistress) she had been—was acquitted. If ever I am on trial for murder and am as patently guilty as that woman was, I hope I may be tried by a first-night audience at the Phœnix Theatre.

The play is exciting enough in its way. Exciting, too, is that picture of an American court of law, if only because it is so utterly unlike our own. The judge seemed a nonentity; any and every sort of evidence was allowed to be admitted suddenly and without notice; there was no summing-up; and counsel strolled about as if they were guests at a cocktail party.

That splendid actor, Mr. Edward H. Robins (whom I remember so well with the late Fred Kerr in *So This is London*) gave, as a bullying attorney, far and away the best performance, encompassed about by so great a crowd of witnesses, Miss Iris Hall being not only the most attractive but the most competent.

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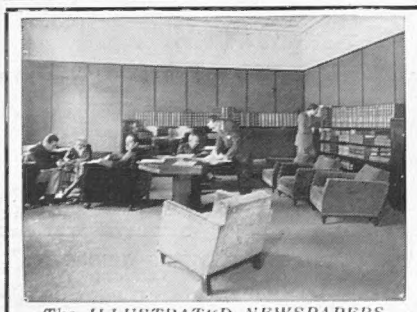

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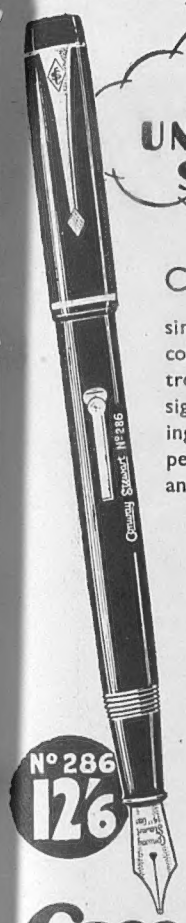

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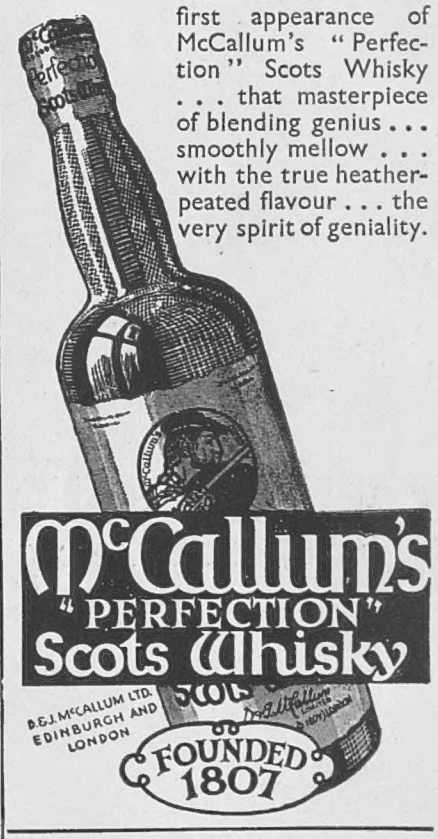

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